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THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGION OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

THAT there is a decline in nations, and a period of semi-barbarous repose following the decline, is a fact of awful interest, whose causes are not fully explained. When Egypt and Arabia, Greece and Italy have exchanged that elevation to which they had been raised by wealth, literature, and the arts, for a state of abject ignorance, I know that adequate causes have been assigned for this final ruin. Perhaps a conqueror supplanted the polished society with barbarous invaders, and actually exterminated the refinement of the country. Perhaps the luxury that waits upon wealth corrupted public virtue, until faction convulsed and ambition enslaved the people. This is accounted a sufficient explanation; but I go up higher, to ask the cause of this submission of a powerful nation to a savage horde, and of mind and virtue to moral and intellectual depravity. There does not appear any natural necessity that civilization should succumb to barbarism. On the contrary, it is a maxim which is true of the ways of Providence, that to him who hath *much*, much shall be given; it is likewise true that the arts of a refined nation do more than supply the probable deficiency of physical courage; as, in a combat with beasts the advantage always rests on the side of man. I should rather regard the downfall of a mighty empire before the puny force of wild and disunited savages, as a special interposition of God's power, designed to produce some novel phenomena in human history. Yet, there is a plausible analogy which likens the progress of a nation to the progress of man's life, whose youth is hardily reared in necessity and toil, so that the

hands are strengthened by labour and the frame is invigorated by temperance ; but successful toil is attended by wealth, wealth induces luxury, and luxury, disease. This analogy is broken by the immortality of the nation, which admits of many revolutions, and may thus boast a variety of character unattainable by the mortality of man. The nation may fluctuate from time to time in its modes of thinking, and one age may hold an opinion which the following age renounces ; during one century it may decay, and during the next may rise, by the impulse of a political change, to the vigour of a new people.

Men are also accustomed to reason loosely, and to say, that the generations of men, like the leaves of the forest, follow each other with regular order, and an uniform character ; that great differences in their comparative history do not exist or are less than they seem, and depend on accidental causes, which may be easily assigned. I confess I see no just reason to hold such views of a race, which exist to purposes which they themselves cannot comprehend, and fulfil by their being, designs, of which the secret reposes with eternal Wisdom. It seems no wise improper to suppose that God intended to appoint one order of circumstances as the field of character for one generation, and a different order to another. We do not know our relations to the universe, but it is not improbable that the divine administration, and its results upon earth, are opened to the inspection of numberless intelligent beings, and it will consist with these purposes to change the spectacle by causing certain revolutions in the internal affairs of the scene. Not perceiving, ourselves, the connection of events, we are unable to discover how far a sublime uniformity may prevail, or whether the seeming disorder may not be, like the series of a drama,—a harmonious succession of events.

Whatever may be the causes, we are sufficiently sure of the fact, that, for a period of eight or ten centuries, in the best part of the world, the human mind endured a melancholy captivity, and blindly pursued certain miserable ends, while the whole mass of society languished under barbarous ignorance, and barbarous institutions. The sum of political freedom enjoyed in different portions of Europe was unequal. In Italy, it was very considerable in those districts where commerce had raised a counterpoise to the privileges of the nobles. In France, Spain and England, it amounted to nothing. Germany seems to have possessed somewhat more than her neighbours by reason of the divisions which gave each individual greater public importance. But over all the countries, which in that disastrous moral twilight pretended to civilization, was diffused the levelling principle of a

great religious establishment ; all were equalized by a common submission of the freedom of opinion to the ordinances of the councils and court of Rome. In some portions of this ample desert, human absurdity grew to an unnatural extent. God drew around them yet darker the veil which concealed the light of truth. Such were the forms and dogmas of the prevalent system, that somewhat more than a common effort of credulity, even in a dark age, was required to forbear from disgust and abhorrence. The place in ecclesiastical history which this period occupies, is immensely important ; and we propose in reference to it, to devote a few pages to some considerations upon the religion of the middle ages.

Our task is simplified by the necessity, which reduces it to a discussion of the character and influence of the Roman Catholic religion. This will be best accomplished by an account of its distinguishing features, and their result, as described in history.

The operation of the institutions of government and religion upon life and character, is often remote and insignificant. The bond is so loose, or is set aside by other near and engrossing interests, that it enters very little into the education of the mind and heart. But such systems bear no likeness to the institution of which we speak. The policy of Rome, if it approached any thing, would more easily find a parallel in ancient Egypt, or modern India, than elsewhere. Instead of counting the individual, like other governments, as a cipher, as a mere theoretical abstraction, valuable only as adding one to an amount, the ecclesiastical authority entered into a personal and intimate acquaintance with its subject, unclosed the secrets of his heart as none else but his Maker had done, and thus laid upon his actions, a command of irresistible force. Wherever the practice corresponded to the theory, and each rank of the community was supplied with its appropriate guardian ; it is manifest, that the independence of society was annihilated, and human conduct obeyed, by necessity, the systems prescribed by fallible men. This was a chief instrument of papal power.

The next striking feature in the character of the church was its strict adherence to sanctimonious forms. There was a saving virtue in the sign of the cross, a thousand romantic and fabulous charms in the string of beads, in the golden rose which was set apart for kings, in the relics of a hundred martyrs, and in the Ave Marias which the worshipper did not understand ; a genuflexion was an act of merit, and a worthless unction secured the reversion of eternal bliss. In times of crying iniquity, we find an external religious aspect pervading society, and marking the habits of bad men, no less than the good. We

find lawless soldiers, and men notorious for their atrocity, prostrated at the altar with peaceful citizens, and pious men; receiving absolution from a priest, and departing to sin again. What was the result of this? It is manifestly a pleasing apology for a bad heart, and abets the universal tendency of human infirmity, which is fain to make a compromise with heaven, and to substitute religious rites, and the sacrifice of hecatombs, for that patient and persevering self-denial, which virtuous principles require. We bear about us, and it is the distinction of intelligent beings,—the sting of remorse whenever we do wrong; and to lull this remorse and sense of accountability, in some way or other, is necessary to our peace. A naked and simple system of religion, which is destitute of temples and sacrifices, of painting, sculpture, art and ceremony, must therefore be natural and sublime; because, if it do not conform to the dictates of conscience, and yet has no splendid delusions to dazzle or bear it down, it will speedily go out of date. In judging of the awful glories of the Roman church, the mind sets over against its neglect of inward purity, the really ardent zeal, which was necessary to fulfil so long and painful a round of external duties. Forms float upon the surface of society; principles act at the core; but of this system, the forms were most devotional, and the principles blind and bad.

Another prominent peculiarity was the wealth of the establishment, from which immediately follows a very pernicious effect, namely, the bad character of the clergy. Boys and babes were ordained to the care of the souls of men, with no other view in those who ordained them, than to secure to themselves the riches of the church. Those distinctions of office in the church, which were necessary to its early organization, were used by ambitious men as the basis of their own aggrandizement. Gregory the great was undoubtedly the victim of names, and by the title of holding the keys of heaven, as vicar of Christ, and successor of St. Peter, was persuaded to add his energetic support to an usurpation of the dearest rights of men. But his aggressions were comparatively trivial, and it is not till we have advanced farther in the history of Rome, that we turn to execrate the steps that led to such a flagrant abuse of power, and to the blasphemy of affixing the name of God to deeds of the devil. The severe Hildebrand, whose epoch marks the consolidation of the sacred monarchy, was ambitious, tyrannical and licentious; but his successors descended to lower depths of degradation. At one time there followed a series of worldly, rapacious conquerors; at another, of debauchees; and the care and government of Christendom was entrusted, in the face of the world, to men of deficient intellects, and contemptible vices. Among these, John XXII. is

particularly distinguished by the circumstances of his election. 'Le nouveau pape,' says Sismondi, 'ne put s'empêcher de dire à ses confrères, que leur choix fut tombée sur un âne.' The schism which the Italians ridicule, as the 'seventy years of the captivity at Babylon,' was not more remarkable for its bitter contentions, than for the voluptuousness which characterized the court of Avignon. This dreadful corruption of the papal character, a character which is so fine in theory, might have been prevented if the election had been committed to proper hands. The right of choosing the pope was early wrested from the people, and lodged in the consistory, the fairest possible theatre of intrigue and corruption. So that Europe received her spiritual fathers, without a power of assent or dissent, from a bribed assembly of men, who bore holy titles indeed, but whose hands were deeper in iniquity, than any cabinet which the world ever saw. The popes of the fifteenth century, to whom we have alluded, were bad men enough, but the character and vices of Alexander VI. are below the decency of criticism. This successor of St. Peter, and the representative of Deity, was a thousand fold more the servant of the devil than any contemporary man of influence out of his own household. With such a prelate for their spiritual head, if their belief in this religious system was not warm and sincere,—is it natural, does it come within the compass of probable events, that the heart and the morals should be very pure? Was there no apology for iniquity, no plea of example, upon which human frailty, ever ready to lean on a reed, could repose? And if these were sincere believers, (as who can doubt?) is it not still worse? for how could they act upon perfect principles, and with clear notions of moral goodness, who had to reconcile the *infallibility* of their bishop with his most exceptionable life?

The enemies of the church of Rome seem ever to be most scandalized by its assumption of temporal power, and by the interference of the Jesuits in the councils of states. This was the crying sin which offended the laity, for it came in competition with their interests; and this wrought the downfall of the church. If the church of Rome had never abused the trust committed to them, as temporal lords, this accusation might have rested with a barbarous age. To legislate for mankind, and preside in the execution of laws, is that office among men, which demands the largest share of wisdom and genius. The solemnity and responsibility of an assembly of lawgivers, favour rather than oppose the admission of the minister of religion. While the statesman stands there as the contriver of means to produce certain ends, and the scholar to describe the systems which have prevailed; the servant of God should represent the cause of

morals and religion, and regulate and correct the schemes of ingenuity or experience. But as soon as he passes the bound of sanctity, and profanes his consecrated character with secular ambition, he has surrendered that charter of circumstances, which delivered him from temptation, and has invited the approach of every lawless desire. This did the Roman clergy; and their civil character ranks no higher than their moral one, as we shall presently see. Notwithstanding a current proverb of that age,—‘It is good to live beneath the crooked staff,’ their government was oppressive, and seemed only mild in comparison with the iron law of the posterity of the Goths. It was mild only where it was weak. From the nature of its constitution it was precarious, and dependent upon the superstition of the neighbouring potentates; it was exposed to their violence, and bought their forbearance by threats, by persuasion, and by art. Its policy, therefore, could never exercise, in such circumstances, a fierce tyranny, which would arm vassal and lord against itself, and complete its ruin. But where its power had grown firm and fearless, in the patrimony of the Holy See, and within the walls of Rome, the violent spirit of oppression and civil rapine broke out with unrestrained force.

We must extend our melancholy inquiry from these peculiar features of the hierarchy, to its general influence upon the condition of society. History sets this in its true light. It was the singular fortune of Rome twice to become the capital of European civilization and empire, and its first magnificence, hardly exceeded the glory of the pontifical city. It was likewise its singular fortune to see its portentous grandeur balanced by a double desolation. There are two distinct periods recorded in its annals, when its miseries proved as unexampled as ever its glory had been. I allude to its disastrous condition in the sixth, and at the close of the fifteenth centuries. In the first of these periods, the devoted city was wasted by pestilence, famine, and the barbarian. So deadly was the infection, that ‘fourscore persons expired in an hour,’ and the extreme thinness of the population left the ‘eternal city’ almost empty. This calamity befel Rome in the time of Gregory the Great; and, of course, it was somewhat too early an event to be laid to the charge of the ecclesiastical dynasty, whose power was not yet fully established. Indeed the city owed to the active measures of Gregory, its rapid restoration to health and power; and under a continuation of such popes, might have sustained its character. But in 1499, the wretched misrule of the sixth Alexander, and the factious discord which he fomented, had so desolated Rome and the surrounding country, that the whole people were obliged to seek

the safety of their lives, in the fortified castles of the combatants. A plague followed the desertion of their dwellings, and the centre and court of the christian religion, from the direct influence of christian dignitaries, became a scene of riotous quarrels, and of fearful desolation. A similar exhibition of misrule and violence, and of extravagant private vice extends throughout the catholic countries of that day; and the modern student is shocked and astonished at the abundant examples of an outrageous turpitude of private manners. At the castles of men in power, dogs were fed with human flesh; professed assassins were maintained; poison, treachery and sacrilege were familiarly resorted to; meanwhile the forms of religion were scrupulously observed, and the chieftain under whose patronage all this was done, was perhaps himself a bishop. No man, conversant with the histories of the time, can deem this overcharged. Froissart's anecdotes of French and Flemish wars, and the numberless annalists of the Italian dynasties, will amply justify a darker picture. In this dissolute state of society, there were, as may be easily supposed, multitudes who abjured altogether the name and forms of religion. Among the German Condottieri of the fourteenth century was an adventurer who ravaged Italy with a large band of mercenaries, designating himself 'Enemy of God, of pity, and of compassion.' This was no more than an open profession of that want of principle, which thousands of his contemporaries shared. Now this desperate atheism must be laid to the charge of the corrupt system of religion whose absurdities produced this reaction. Because the world has seen this irreligion vanish in great measure, as a purer faith has supplanted the system of which we speak.

This intellectual and moral degradation through so vast an interval of time, should be regarded, as decidedly the most melancholy event in human history. That this darkness should follow immediately in gradual increase, upon the new revelation which had been imparted from heaven, is another ordination of Providence, which we do not understand. It seems to be another departure of the divine presence, like Jehovah's abandonment of his temple at Jerusalem; and admonishes man of his miserable errors when left to himself. It sets aside the presumption of those vagaries which philosophers have indulged concerning human perfectibility. It establishes the necessity of a pure religion—simple in doctrine, and rigid in practice, to quell the outrage of the indulged passions, and to preserve the world from barbarism. Meantime, the illumination of the understanding, which accompanied and followed the reformation, proves the natural operation of religion upon the mind. One

of the fruits of the middle ages, is the discovery of the proper limits of human inquiry; this fruit is gained from sad experience of the evils which result from inattention to these limits. And it is the duty incumbent upon after generations, to treasure up carefully these results, in order to avoid forever a second degeneracy. As we remember the perverted views of God and man, which the very best men of numberless generations received from a missal and a priest, we clasp our Bible with deeper fervency, thankful that the voice of God is substituted for the earthly command of knaves and fools. For the grotesque heaven of the papist, which rivalled the impiety of the pagan Olympus, there is opened to the eyes of our faith, a scene of moral magnificence, which surpasses the reach of human imagination, and which is altogether worthy of its Divine Author. The puerile fiction of purgatory, and the abominable sale of indulgencies, have given place to the real horrors, which rational nature deduces from the analogies of the universe, and receives from scripture, as the necessary and certain punishment, which God has connected to the commission of sin.

The inferences which every philosophic christian draws from this portion of history, and which this brief notice was intended to produce, are manifold and remarkable. The dark purposes of God's providence in suffering the mind to be led astray until the way became too devious and the night of doubt too frightful to be borne, we cannot pretend to explain. From those tremendous dreams the world has awaked, with energies which it never exercised before, and with virtues, and a progressive virtuous character, which promise better and brighter centuries to its old age, than ever its infancy boasted. But if this hope be delusive,—if the little day which we enjoy, of useful institutions, of knowledge, improvement and evangelical zeal, is speedily to be clouded over, and vice and corruption are to resume their sovereign reign in the ways of this world,—still, it will not make the world, to which we are travelling, less bright, nor disturb, for one moment, its everlasting peace.

H. O. N.

DO GOOD AND LEND, HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN.

LUKE VII. 35.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

IN morals we generally use but one term to express a passion or affection both in its good and its bad sense. Love may sig-

nify a love of evil or a love of good; it may mean self-love and the love of the world, or the love of the Lord and our neighbour. This habit of expressing opposite qualities by the same term, produces an indistinctness and confusion in moral discourses and moral reflections,—often leading us to call evil good and good evil; to put darkness for light and light for darkness. It is useful to analyze our affections, to describe their various states, and to show when they are animated by the breath of life, and when derived from our selfishness.

Hope produces a great part of the cheat and illusion of our present state, with many of its sorrows and all of its disappointments. It proceeds from a wrong source, when it is applied to an improper object, and when it anticipates an end without reference to the means of attaining it. All acknowledge that hope of evil proceeds from hatred: but it is not so well considered, that to hope for our neighbour's good when we do not endeavour to promote it, implies a criminal inactivity in our affections. We solace our minds with the conclusion, that we love even our enemies, because we can cheat ourselves so far, as to say that we wish them well. 'Be ye warmed and filled:—'What doth it profit?'

There is another abuse of hope, which is still more dangerous. Knowing that eternal happiness is attainable only by virtue, we continually deceive ourselves with a pretended resolution to become better at some future period. This is a most alarming, and melancholy state of mind. We know that we have evils, which contaminate all the exercises of our minds, and that they are totally incompatible with the character at which we aim, but we cannot resolve to put them away; and, to quiet our minds, we resort to the awful delusion of hoping for the end, without resolving on the means, by which only it can be attained. Whether this be real hope is an unnecessary question. It passes for it with us: and like an anchor to our evils, it sustains them even under the denunciations of the law, and the reproofs of our own consciences. With this they stand fast: and though we progress in knowledge, make much fine show of self-denial in other things, and acquire a name and character which will illuminate and cheer a wide sphere of life, still they may be nourishing a secret corruption, they may be acquiring an internal dominion: our righteousness in other things may be this same Lucifer arrayed in his garments of light;—and when the scene is closed, and we have done all, these evils may stand.

Similar to this delusion is our confidence in the mercy of God, to pardon our sins without repentance. It is well for us to believe and constantly to remember, that no evils will be imputed to us, which we have put away. To suppose that the Divine justice is vindictive, is to estimate God by our knowledge of rulers and tyrants among men. Those evils which will cause our misery in the world to come, are those only, which we do not put away in the present world. Our state, either of happiness or misery, will be determined by what we are when we die, with no other reference to what we have been, than that our final character is the result of our past improvement or misimprovement of the blessings we have received. In the future life we shall not be punished *for* our wickedness but *by* it; in like manner as the happiness of heaven is not a reward *for* obedience, but *in* keeping the commandments there is great reward. Misery is not of arbitrary infliction, but arises naturally and necessarily from an evil state of mind. It is not the effect of evil that has been repented of, that is removed, but of existing evil; for the pangs of remorse cease, when no love of the evil remains. If we carry with us the love of an evil, the divine mercy can do nothing towards pardoning it; for to pardon a sin, is to remove the cause of it.

Hence the vanity and danger of hoping to attain happiness by the goodness or mercy of God. We should remember that the goodness of God is exercised in *leading us to repentance*; and this alone is the effect of it, on which we should rely.

The changes which the human mind undergoes from age to age, render a corresponding change necessary in the accommodation of truth to the mind. Hence the difference between the Old Testament and the New. The one directs us to act from obedience to truth; the other, from love to God and our neighbour in conformity with truth, or render its guidance. Great changes have also taken place since the Christian revelation. Both Testaments, however, when rightly understood, contain truth adapted to every state of mind. But the age has passed in many places, when men could be driven to heaven by denunciations. The mind ranges in freedom. It cannot now as formerly be restrained by fear of punishment, nor can it be made virtuous by rites and ceremonies and laws, of which the real meaning is unknown. What it is to believe, it must first understand; and what it is to do, it must first love.

This change has made it not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, to teach men to hope for an end, without disclosing to them all the means for attaining it. To encourage men to

hope in the mercy of God to save their souls, only tends to cherish a delusion, which is likely to prove their ruin. It is better to treat them as rational beings—endowed with understanding and reflection.—as men, who are capable of knowing the whole process, by which salvation is to be attained. Tell them the whole truth: make their own exertions indispensable, by shewing them that the mercy of God is not, and cannot be exercised in pardoning sins, of which they do not repent, which they still love to retain, but only in leading them to repentance. If man's pride and contumacy prevent the word and providence of God from producing this effect, his salvation becomes impossible. 'Ephraim is joined unto idols;—let him alone.'

In making hope a motive for action we generally commit another error. We make no distinction between doing good from a love of goodness, and doing it from hope of reward in heaven. When we do good from hope of reward in heaven, it is obvious that we make it a religious motive; and although it is far from being the highest religious motive, it is the highest and purest exercise of hope. The error consists in regarding it as a religious motive of the first order. That it is not so, may be inferred from the fact, that it is in some degree selfish. When one acts with reference to a temporal reward, we esteem him selfish, and as possessing only worldly motives. The motive becomes religious by transferring the reward from the present to the eternal world; because we then connect with it an acknowledgment of a God, of revelation, of a future state of reward and punishment, and hence the distinction between virtue and vice, and the connection of the one with happiness, and of the other with misery.

We infer that doing good from hope of reward in heaven, is not absolutely evil, because it does not imply hatred to our neighbour. He that acts from this motive, proposes his own happiness; but he designs to obtain it by conformity to the laws of God, and, hence, without impairing the good of his neighbour. Still his acts have no claim to disinterested benevolence, because the end for which they are done, is not goodness itself, but the reward of goodness.

This view may teach us something of the divine mercy in the government of men. When an error cannot be corrected, or an evil removed, without violating our freedom, the Lord in His merciful providence endeavours so to convert it, or change its direction, that it may secure to us some degree of good. From doing good through fear of punishment, such a change is effected, that we do good from hope of reward. This hope is at first gross and earthly, but by another change or con-

version, its object is transferred from the present to a future world; and it is modified and regulated by a regard to the good of others, and by submission to the divine will. By these conversions or changes, the selfishness from which our hope proceeds, is made to possess a certain agreement with the end of the divine Providence; and the means for accomplishing its purposes are the same. If man permits himself to be still further improved, what had been done from hope of reward in heaven, is afterwards done from the love itself of doing good. Heaven is then established within the mind, and fruition takes the place of hope. Such are the devices, if we may so say, of the divine mercy for the salvation of man. 'He doth devise means that his banished be not expelled from him.' Even in the deep sleep of the soul, 'He openeth the ears of man and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.'

But, although it is possible in many cases so to convert man's selfishness, that his mind may possess some sort of conformity to the word of God, still, to act from hope of reward in heaven, is, as we have already implied, very far from that state, to which we should attain in the present life.

To perform good actions because they are in themselves good, and that they may produce other good actions, seems the only measure of virtue, which deserves to be called truly human, for this alone is an image and likeness of God. He that acts from this motive, clearly perceives that the good which he does is not from his natural mind, in which self has the dominion, but from his spiritual, regenerate mind, in which the kingdom of the Lord is established. His good affections and deeds 'are born,' like the mind from which they proceed, 'not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man,—but of God.' Thus he perceives that the good which he does, is not from himself, but from God: and he loves it because it is from Him. Or, in other words, he regards the Lord as present with him and in him, by the good affections and truths which He communicates to his mind; and the good which is in his affections, and the truth which is in his thoughts, are consequently God, as manifested to him, dwelling in him, and operating by him. In loving the good which he does, he, therefore, loves it because it is of God, and because, in its internal character, it is God. But those who act from other motives, generally ascribe their goodness to themselves; and they love it for its reward.

The disciple and advocate of self-love will ask here, whether in the most advanced state of the regenerate life, to which we

have alluded, man does not do good because it is pleasant to him, and hence from merely selfish motives. We reply, that it makes an essential difference, whether the pleasure accompanying a good act, arise from the essential character of the action, and its effect on others; or whether it arise from a consideration of its effect on ourselves, either present or future. But—what is more important to be considered, if the good of the action be ascribed entirely to the Lord instead of ourselves, its selfish character totally ceases. ‘If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in MY love, even as I have kept my Father’s commandments, and abide in HIS love.’ S. W.

OPINIONS OF FOREIGN JEWS.

[Extracted from the Journal of Mr. Fisk, Missionary to Palestine.]

THE most interesting part of my labours in Alexandria, has been among the Jews. I have become particularly acquainted with three. One of them is Dr. M. who was brother Parsons’s physician. He is a native of Germany, but has been many years in this place. He is reputed skilful in his profession, is one of the Pasha’s physicians, and is a man of extensive learning and very respectable talents. He has a library of about 2,000 volumes, among which are the Scriptures in different languages, and several valuable theological books. He shewed me the writings of Eusebius, and spoke of them as highly valuable. He has also the works of several of the Christian fathers.

He knew Mr. Burkhardt, and speaks well of him; though he speaks of no person in so high terms as of Mr. Wolf, the converted Jew from Poland, who is now gone to Judea to preach Jesus to his countrymen. Dr. M. had frequent religious discussions with him, and says he is very learned, very judicious, and exceedingly amiable.

We hoped to be able to enter into some interesting discussions with him, but did not intend to begin immediately. At almost his first visit, however, he told us that Mr. Wolf had spoken to him concerning us. We then entered into conversation concerning the Jews. He says there are about 400 in this place. Their language is Arabic; they read Hebrew, but understand very little of it; and are exceedingly ignorant, barbarous, and superstitious. I then said, ‘They are still waiting for the Messiah.’ He replied, ‘Yes; but they care very little

about the Messiah that has come, or any one that will come. They might easily be hired to consent, that there should never be a Messiah.' Speaking of the Talmud, which he studied a long time, while young, he said, 'It is a perfect *Babel*, a confusion of language, a confusion of logic, theology, and every thing else. In a whole volume, you will scarcely find twelve sentences worth reading.' I observed, 'No pretended Messiah has now appeared for a long time.' 'And I hope,' said he, 'none ever will appear. In Europe it would be impossible for one to succeed; he would soon be detected. In this country he would probably lose his head immediately. If any monarch should now undertake to assemble the Jews, they could not live together. The Jews of Germany, of England, of France, of Spain, and of Asia differ so much, that they would not tolerate each other. The way to make Jews Christians, is to give them the privileges of citizens, and let them intermarry with Christians. If Bonaparte had reigned 50 years, there would have been no Jews in France. All would have been blended with the other citizens.' For himself, he says frankly, that he does not believe in any revelation, though he thinks it would be very inconsistent with the goodness of God to punish any of his creatures for ever, and therefore believes that all will ultimately be happy. He says, a few, and only a few of the Jews know how to converse in the ancient Hebrew. There is more Rabbinical learning among the Jews of Poland, than any where else. The best mode of reading Hebrew, however, is that of the Italian and Spanish, in distinction from the German. He thinks the vowel points were invented after the Babylonish captivity, because the Jews had so far lost the knowledge of their language, that only a few learned scribes knew how to read it. One day I asked him, 'What is your opinion of the Messiah?' 'For myself,' said he, 'I do not think a Messiah ever did come, or ever will come; but I wish others to entertain their own opinions about it. My wife is strong in her belief of Judaism. Her idea is, that religion consists in keeping Saturday, and not eating pork. Among my domestics, I have one Greek, two Mussulmauns, and a female servant from the interior of Africa, who was never instructed, and has no idea of any religion whatever; and the young man in my shop is an atheist. In my opinion I differ from them all. Still we live in peace.' He says the Jews are very strict in their adherence to Scripture rules, in respect to meats, and drinks, and days, with many additions of the Talmud. It is literally true, that in order to kill a fowl according to law, one must be a learned man.

He speaks of the Gospel as containing very sublime morality, and of Jesus Christ as holding a high rank, and possessing a most unexceptionable character, when viewed as a lawgiver, and the founder of a sect; and says the stories in the Talmud concerning him are ridiculous and absurd beyond all conception. He one day took up a Hebrew Testament, and turned to the sermon on the mount and said, 'This is excellent. This would be good to read to the people every day.'

I one day asked his opinion concerning the plural names of God in Hebrew. He says it is merely an idiom of the language. *Elohim* is used in reference to the character of God as Judge; and hence the same term is applied to human magistrates. *Jehovah* refers to God as the *object of adoration*; and hence the superstition of the Jews in respect to pronouncing that name, which leads them to substitute *Lord* instead of it. Several Jews, with whom I have conversed, have all given the same opinion on this point.

He gave me, one day, a most horrible picture of the state of morals in this country, particularly among the Turks and Mamelukes. The most unnatural crimes are committed without shame, and almost without any attempt at concealment.—Among the nominal Christians of this country, he says there is no morality; and assigns as the reason of this,—that morality is never found among slaves.

I lent him the Life of Frey, and the Memoirs of Martyn, which he read and returned. A few days since, I sent him an English Bible, and several tracts in different languages. The next time I met with him, he told me, that the title of one of the tracts interested him extremely. To use his own phrase, it pierced his skin. This was Leslie's short Method with the Deists, which I sent to him in French. He thinks, however, that the argument is applicable to other religions as well as the Christian, and therefore proves nothing. This was the last interview I have had with him. He has just sent me three letters of recommendation to Jews at Cairo.

Another Jew, with whom I have had frequent conversations, is an aged man, named Jacob. Though he is 62 years old, and, in consequence of an ophthalmia, has been eight years blind, he is still the head master in a Jewish school of 40 children. He thinks the whole number of Jews in this town, is 6 or 700. I one day went with him to visit the largest of the two synagogues which the Jews have in the city, and then to his school. His assistant was sitting on a sheep-skin, spread on the floor, with about 30 boys on the floor around him, with their Hebrew books.

I once read to him the 2nd chapter of Genesis. When we came to the fourth verse, he asked, if I knew why the earth was mentioned before heaven *here*, and heaven before earth in the *first* verse. I confessed my ignorance. He very seriously assigned the reason. 'God is a lover of peace. If heaven had been always mentioned first, it might have claimed precedence, and a quarrel might have ensued between heaven and earth.' He says the Rabbins teach, that the Hebrew was the only language in the world, until the building of Babel. Then there were 70, of which the four principal were Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek and Latin.—He says the two parties in Canticles, are God and Israel.—'The Jews,' he says, 'believe that a Messiah is to come when God pleases; but no man can tell when. He is expected every moment. Though a mere man he will be a great prophet; yet, as a prophet, by no means superior to Moses.'—The Jews, he supposes, will return to Judea, their worship will be restored as in the time of David, all the world will embrace their religion, and the Messiah will be king over them all; or, if there are other kings, he will be *Emperor*, and all kings will be subject to him. When I urged, that the Messiah was to be the son of David, but that, now, the descendants of David are not known from other Jews, he admitted that even the distinction of tribes is lost, but said, 'the Messiah will be known by the miracles he will perform.'

He gave it as the opinion of the Jews, that there will be a general resurrection, and a future state of retribution;—all good men, whether Jews, Christians, Mussulmauns, or Pagans, will be happy, the wicked, of all nations, will wander in perplexity and pain, till they have expiated their crimes by their sufferings. I inquired if *all* are to be finally happy. To this question, put in many different forms, he uniformly answered, 'yes;' and then asked for my opinion on this point. I told him, 'the Gospel teaches that good men will be happy for ever, and wicked men for ever unhappy.' He then said, 'we believe too, that some who have committed great crimes, will never come to their rest, but be left for ever wandering in woe.'

In reading Hebrew, I pronounced the word *Jehovah*. He was evidently affected by it, at the moment, and afterwards assured me, that it made him tremble to hear that name. I inquired, why the Jews did not pronounce *that*, as well as the *other* names of God, but could get no intelligible answer, except that, when the temple was standing, no man was allowed to pronounce it but the high priest. He would sometimes listen to what I had to say respecting Christianity, but manifested no disposition to consider the subject, and seemed strongly attached to all his Jewish ideas.

The third Jew to whom I referred, is Joseph, a young man, employed as a writer in the custom house, a native of Salonica, a place famous for the number of its Jewish inhabitants. He speaks and reads five or six different languages. When our boxes of books were opened for inspection at the custom house, his curiosity was excited by seeing some of the Hebrew books. He came, very soon, to our lodgings, to see them, and we gave him a Hebrew Testament. In one of his subsequent visits, he told me he had read as far as John, and found it very good. He told me since, that he has read the whole of it, though I perceive, by conversing with him, that he has read it in that hasty and unprofitable manner, which is so common in the east; for he can tell very little about what he has read. He gives it as his opinion, that there are not above 2 or 300 Jews in Alexandria.

We have often read the Scriptures together. After reading the account of Philip and the Eunuch, I inquired whether any such thing as baptism, is known among the Jews. He said that, in ancient times, when a stranger embraced the Jewish religion, he, and his wife and children, were all baptised. The ceremony was performed by sprinkling or pouring a cup of water on the head; and this was done seven times. Now, foreigners never embrace the Jewish religion; and if they should, he does not think they would be baptised. I do not yet know what other Jews would say on this subject. We read Psalm xvi, and I asked him what the Jews understand by *Sheol*, the word used, verse 10th, for *hell*. He says they believe that, in the place of future punishments, there are seven habitations. The first, and most tolerable, is Gehenna, the second *Sheol*, third *Abadyon*, &c.

One day I inquired, 'What do you Jews believe and expect, concerning the Messiah?' He replied, 'That he will come, though we know not when; some say after 200 years, and that he will be a great prophet, and a great king.' I then stated to him what we believe concerning Jesus, his divinity, his atonement, the apostasy and depravity of man, and the way of salvation; to all which he listened with attention, but made no reply. Another day, we read Isaiah liii, in Hebrew and Italian. I asked whose sufferings were there described. He said he did not know. I then explained it as referring to Christ, and told him, after enlarging considerably on the love of the Lord Jesus, that the Jews, according to their own belief, have no Saviour to bear their iniquity, and exhorted him to examine that chapter very carefully. He listened, but made me no answer. One day we read Genesis xlix, 10, and I inquired what

the Jews supposed was meant by *Shiloh*. He replied, 'the Messiah.' 'Then,' said I, 'the Messiah must be already come, for your sceptre departed centuries ago. You have no king, no kingdom, no government.' 'You speak truly,' said he. 'The Rabbins, however, say there is a place, where the sceptre still remains in the hands of the Jews.*' 'But where is that place?' 'Who knows,' said he, 'but it may be, as some say, in America, beyond Mexico, where there is a river of stones, that run along, as water does, in other rivers, except on Saturday, when the river stands still.' I assured him that there is neither a river of stones, nor a kingdom of Jews, in America. He then said, 'Some say it is beyond Mecca.' 'But,' said I, 'travellers have been through all that country, and there is no such river, and no such people there.' 'The Rabbins say there is such a country,' said he, 'but who knows any thing about it?' 'It is easy to explain the matter,' said I, 'The Messiah came 1800 years ago, and your fathers rejected him, and you persist in their course of unbelief; for though the evidence from your own prophets is clear, and abundant, you refuse to believe.' He replied, 'That is true. I have been reading the Testament you gave me, with another Jew, and told him that the transactions which we there read, were a fulfilment of what Isaiah and the other prophets had predicted; whereas we had been waiting 1800 years for this fulfilment, and waiting in vain.' He said, 'I am *myself* willing to believe, but my relatives and friends are all Jews, and they will oppose me.' I then urged upon him the value of truth, in preference to every thing else, and the necessity of seeking for it diligently, and embracing it boldly, wherever found, and whatever might be the consequences.—We have read together the second chapter of Acts, several chapters in Hebrews, and some other parts of Scripture. In our last interview, he told me he was very sorry I was going away, and hoped I should return here again.

*I presume the confused idea which is here expressed, respecting a kingdom of Jews, is derived from the story which Basnage relates in his history of the Jews, B. 7, ch. 1. It seems that the Jews, in order to prove that the sceptre is not departed from Judah, invented, many centuries ago, many fabulous stories respecting a kingdom called Cozar, situated in Tartary, and inhabited by the descendants of Togarmah, the grandson of Japheth. In this country, there were said to be many Jews, and that finally, the king, after trying all other religions, embraced Judaism, and his people followed his example. The difficulty however, is, that nobody has ever been able to find this kingdom, or ascertain where it may be found.

ON REGENERATION.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

WHAT is the meaning of the term *regeneration*, or the *new birth*, or *being born again*, as used by the writers of the New Testament? I offer for the consideration of the christian public the following definition, viz. *A change either from the Jewish religion, or the idolatrous religion of the Gentiles, to the open profession and sincere belief of the christian religion.* This was the coming from darkness into light; from the darkness of the Jewish or Gentile state to the light of christianity, as a child is brought from the darkness of the womb to the light of day. With the above definition in view, a very obvious and natural construction of the conversation of our Saviour with Nicodemus presents itself. Let the following circumstances be borne in mind.

1. That the phrase 'being born again' was applied by the Jews to a proselyte to their religion.

2. That Nicodemus believed, from the miracles of our Saviour, that he was a teacher from God.

3. That being a ruler among the Jews, he was, from worldly considerations, averse to making an open profession of the christian religion. He came secretly by night to our Saviour.

4. That our Saviour well knew the state of his mind, and the conflict that was going on within him.

Now ask in what was Nicodemus deficient? Most clearly, he was deficient in not making an open profession of christianity by the outward token of baptism, which is the being 'born of water.' He was wanting, also, in a conviction sufficiently firm, of the truth and importance of the christian religion, to induce him to make an open profession of it, and thus to subject himself to the loss of office, and to the scorn and persecution of his nation. He disliked also the purity and strictness of the christian morals, and was unwilling to abandon the evil habits, which Judaism at that period tolerated. With these considerations present to the mind, I shall not envy the taste of that man, who does not forcibly feel the delicacy, the beauty and the point of our Saviour's discourse, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, (Nicodemus,) unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God!' Nicodemus, unwilling to understand, seeks further explanation. The Saviour proceeds, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, (Nicodemus,) unless a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;' that is, unless you make an

open profession of christianity by baptism, which is the *being born of water*, and do this with sincerity, under a firm conviction of the truth and importance of the religion, accompanied with a resolution to yield obedience to its precepts, which is the *being born of the spirit*, you cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Nicodemus had in his inquiries alluded to the natural birth, and asked how a man could be born in this way again. To which our Saviour, to justify the figurative language used by him, replies, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto thee, you must be born again. Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things.' How beautifully does the Saviour proceed in his comments. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit.' That is, the influence of his miracles, and the preaching of the gospel upon the minds of men in their different conditions, in producing a conviction of the truth and importance of the new religion, was so various, that its operations could not be reduced to any exact rules of calculation. The effects were seen, but the causes of its influence on one more than another, were secret and undefinable, like the wind which we hear, but know not whence it comes, or whither it goes. With how much force does he there declare his authority, the mercy of God, and the condemnation of unbelief. Here he probably touches Nicodemus in the sorest point. 'And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil; for every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.' We hear no more of Nicodemus. He retires in silence, and probably with a mind less at ease, than when he commenced his inquiries.

If I am correct in the meaning which I have given to regeneration, it will follow, that after conversion from the Jewish or Gentile state to christianity, we shall not observe that a new birth, or regeneration, is urged upon the converts. This is the fact. After this change, and it was a great one, we hear nothing more of regeneration in relation to the subjects of it. The topic then enforced is improvement, continual improvement in the christian course. A christian assembly may now be very much distressed by having urged upon them the necessity of a new birth, because they cannot understand what they must do; and in truth the call, as it relates to them, is without meaning. If instead of having regeneration, they should have improvement preached to them, they would understand it and feel the force of

the sermon. They would know where to begin, and what to do. I will not deny, that if there be any among us who disbelieve the christian religion, their conviction of its truth may, by way of analogy to the use of language in the New Testament, be called a regeneration. But it should not be forgotten, that this is highly figurative language, and not strictly justified by the use of the same language in the days of our Saviour and the apostles.

The term conversion, the meaning of which is simply *a turning from*, is used not only to signify the same thing as regeneration, but also in a more limited sense, as in James v. 20, to convert a sinner from the error of his ways. LAYMAN.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF FENELON.

[Translated from the French.]

It must always be the glory and the pride of Perigord,* to have given birth to Fenelon, the Archbishop of Cambray.—He was the author of 55 different works, all of which, bearing marks of having flowed from a soul of elevated virtue, have immortalized his name. We see in them the indications of a mind thoroughly imbued with ancient and modern literature, and animated with a lively, gentle, and sportive imagination. His style is flowing, graceful, and harmonious. Men of great refinement of taste might wish, that his style were more rapid, more concise, more vigorous; that it were more elaborate, more refined, and more full of thought. But it is not given to man to be perfect. No work is better suited than his *Telemachus* to inspire us with the love of virtue. In reading it, we learn to cling to his hero alike in his good, and in his bad fortune, to sympathize with him in the love of his father, and of his country, to follow with him the changes of fortune, and to be king, citizen, friend, and even a slave, as chance requires. Happy the nation, for which this work could once be the means of forming a *Telemachus* and a *Mentor*! Louis XIV. unjustly prejudiced against the author, and thinking that he perceived a satire of his own government running through this book, caused the printing of this masterpiece to be suppressed; nor was the author permitted to go on with the work in France during the life

* [Perigord is a province of France, in which was situated the Barony of Salignac, and the castle of Fenelon, which was the birth place of this distinguished man, and the residence of his family and his ancestors.]

of this prince. So far indeed was this prejudice carried, that after the death of the duke of Burgundy,* the monarch caused all the manuscripts of his preceptor, which his grandson had preserved, to be destroyed.

One day that Louis XIV. was conversing with Fenelon upon political affairs, the prelate discovered to the king a part of those principles, which he has so well developed in his *Telemachus*. The prince, who had no very favourable opinion of all those maxims, could not avoid saying to his courtiers, after parting with Fenelon, I have just been conversing with the finest genius, at the same time the most chimerical, in my kingdom.

Fenelon did not complete his *Telemachus* till after his banishment to his archbishopric of Cambray. In this poem, as it ought undoubtedly to be called, he has substituted a harmonious prose for the numbers and cadence of verse, and from his ingenious fiction has drawn the most useful moral lessons. With a mind, enriched with all the stores of ancient literature, and with an imagination at once lively and tender, he had a style

* [The duke of Burgundy was grandson to Louis XIV. Fenelon was appointed his preceptor in 1639. This prince is represented as manifesting, in his early years, and before Fenelon had the superintendence of his education, a disposition extremely untractable and unpropitious. 'Invincible obstinacy, a revolting pride, irascible propensities, and the most violent passions, are described as its odious features; but they were joined with a great capacity for acquiring all kinds of knowledge.' The success of Fenelon in his education was complete: and it serves to show how much may be accomplished by well directed measures, faithfully applied, with firmness, constancy, kindness and patience, in subduing the most refractory tempers, and forming the most unpromising minds to wisdom, piety, and virtue. The faithful preceptor had the satisfaction of witnessing in the elevated character of his pupil the influence of the lessons he had received, and the discipline to which he had been subjected.

But he owed also to this success, in part at least, the unrelenting persecutions, which followed him, through the rest of his life. The reputation of Fenelon excited the jealousy of Bossuet, the celebrated bishop of Meaux. 'The unsuccessful preceptor of the father could not hear with indifference the applause, which all France bestowed on the preceptor of the son; nor listen without envy to the accents of gratitude, which echoed from every corner of the realm, to the man, to whom the people owed the prospect of a wise and beneficent reign.' Bossuet became his implacable foe, resolved on his ruin, and seems to have shrunk from no means, by which he might accomplish it.

The sanguine hopes of the nation were extinguished by the early death of the duke of Burgundy in 1711. When Fenelon heard the afflicting intelligence: 'all my ties,' said he, 'are broken. Nothing now remains to bind me to the earth.']

peculiar to himself, and which flowed from a copious and abundant source.

I have seen, says Voltaire, his original manuscript of the work, in the whole of which there were not ten erasures. It is said, that a copy of it was stolen from him by a servant, who got it printed. If this was the fact, the Archbishop of Cambray was indebted to this act of treachery for all the celebrity he had in Europe; but he owed to it also his perpetual banishment from the Court. It was believed, I have already said, that in *Telemachus* was seen an indirect critique of the government of Louis XIV. Sesostris, whose triumph was conducted with so much pride and pageantry, and Idomeneus, who introduced luxury into Salentum, while he neglected wholly to provide the common necessities of life for the inhabitants, appeared to have been designed as portraits of the king. The marquis of Louvois, in the eyes of the malcontents, seemed to be represented under the name of Protesilaus, vain glorious, cruel, haughty, an enemy of the great commanders who chose to serve the state, rather than to gain the favour of the minister. The allies, who were united against Louis XIV. in the war of 1688, and who afterward in the war of 1701, shook his very throne, took pleasure in recognizing him in this same Idomeneus, whose pride provoked all his neighbours to rebel against him. In fine, malicious persons sought allusions in this book, and made applications, of which perhaps Fenelon had never thought. Persons of taste on the other hand, could see and admire in this moral romance, all the loftiness of Homer united with all the elegance of Virgil, and the charms of fable joined with the energy of truth. They thought that princes, who should meditate on its lessons of wisdom and virtue, would learn to be men, to seek the happiness of their people, and to be happy themselves.

It has been supposed that the adventures of *Telemachus* were first composed as exercises for the Duke of Burgundy; in the same manner as Bossuet composed his universal history for the education of Monsieur the father of the Duke. But his nephew, the Marquis of Fenelon, who inherited the virtues of this celebrated man, assured Voltaire of the contrary. Indeed, adds the author of the age of Louis XIV. it would have ill become a priest to give the amours of Calypso and of Eucharis, among the first lessons to the princes of France. But Fenelon might with perfect propriety have given the principal reflections of *Telemachus* as exercises to the duke of Burgundy.

Some men of letters, shutting their eyes against the beauties

which this work presents, and giving their attention only to little blemishes and defects, charged the author with anachronisms, with carelessness in his language, with frequent repetitions, with drawing out his narrative to a tedious length, with minute and uninteresting details, with unconnected adventures, with descriptions of rural life too much alike; but their censures were soon forgotten, and took nothing from the merit of the work, which they criticised. They did not prevent its passing through a great number of editions. There were above thirty in English, and more than ten in Dutch. It is unquestionably one of the finest monuments of a flourishing age. It procured for its author the veneration of all Europe, and will not fail to procure for him that of all future ages. The English especially, who carried on the war in his diocese, were eager to testify their respect for him. The duke of Marlborough took as much care to save his grounds from depredation, as he would have done for those of his own castle of Blenheim. In fine, Fenelon was always dear to the duke of Burgundy, of whose education he had had the superintendence; and when that prince took leave of him to go to Flanders in the course of the war, he said to him, *I know what I owe to you, and you know what I am to you.*

The duke of Orleans, who was afterwards regent of the kingdom, says the author of the age of Louis XIV., consulted the archbishop of Cambray upon those difficult points, which are interesting to all, but which so many are apt to think but little about. He asked, whether the being of God could be demonstrated: and whether it was his will, that men should worship him. Many questions of this kind he proposed, as a philosopher, who was desirous of receiving instruction, of having his doubts resolved, and his mind enlightened. And in all cases the archbishop answered him as a philosopher and a theologian. The necessity of rendering public religious services to the Deity, following naturally from the idea of his being the Sovereign of the Universe, Fenelon established the true characters of that worship. He made the internal worship to consist in supreme love to a being infinitely lovely, and the external, in sensible signs of that love. It is not sufficient to cherish the love of God in the heart. It is necessary to give thanks to the common parent of all publicly, to celebrate his mercy, to make him known to the ignorant, and to reclaim those, who have forgotten him. The learned prelate pursues the inquiry in order to ascertain where the only true worship of God is to be found. Not in paganism, which directed its worship only to lifeless images, and commanded prayer to be made to them, only for tem-

poral prosperity. The true worship of God is discovered among the Jews, who know God as a spirit, and are taught to love him. But with them it is yet neither general, nor perfect. It is only with christians that it has its entire influence over the conduct of life. Christianity then is the only true religion; and nothing is more just, or better supported by sound reflection, than what Fenelon has established, in opposition to those who would maintain, that the worship rendered by a being of limited faculties, that is, by a finite being, is unworthy of a being of infinite perfection. His refutation of the doctrine of Spinoza is also luminous and satisfactory; and in these different writings he appears, not as a master, who speaks with authority; but as a brother, as a friend, who is indulgent to our weakness, and doubts with us, that he may have it in his power to remove our doubts.

It is said, that in his sermons, written for the most part while he was young, there is nothing of eloquence, except so far as the heart is engaged, and the heart of Fenelon was always engaged. But if there is much of feeling, there is but little of reasoning. One would say that his discourses were made without much preparation. There are passages in them highly pathetic; but there are others which bear the marks of great negligence, and are very feeble. It is this mixture of beauties and defects, of force and weakness of style, which has placed his sermons in the second rank. Fenelon had the talent of preaching without premeditation, but the facility of doing it, though it had its advantages, was an injury to his composition. He wrote as he spoke, he must accordingly write rather negligently.

Ramsay, a disciple of the archbishop of Cambray, has published a life of his illustrious master. Those, who shall have the curiosity to consult it, will find it impossible to withhold from him their love and their tears. No one ever loved his country more sincerely than Fenelon; but he would permit no one to seek her interests by violating the rights of humanity, or to exalt her by detracting from the merit of any other people. I love, said he, my own family better than myself, I love my country better than my family, but I love the human race still better than my country. A sentiment that well deserves to be the motto of every true philosopher!

Fenelon's manner of living in his diocese was worthy of his station, as an archbishop, and of his character as a man of letters and a christian philosopher. He was the father of his people and an example to his clergy. The sweetness of his manners, spread over his conversation, as over his writings, caused him

to be loved and respected even by the enemies of France. He was removed from the church, from letters, and from his country, on the 7th of January, 1715, at 63 years of age. On his tomb we read a latin epitaph, which M. d'Alembert thought too long and too frigid, and for which he wished to substitute the following :

'Under this stone rests Fenelon! *Passenger, blot not out this epitaph with thy tears, that others may read it, and weep as thou dost.*'

When he was nominated to the archbishopric of Cambray, he gave up his abbey of St. Valery, and his little priory, for he thought himself not at liberty to hold any other benefice together with his archbishopric.

Fenelon has himself characterized in few words, that simplicity of character which so endeared him to all who approached him. 'Simplicity,' said he, in one of his works, 'is that rectitude of a soul, which forbids its having any reference to itself or to its own actions. This virtue is different from sincerity, and surpasses it. We see many people, who are sincere without being simple. They have no wish to pass but for what they are, yet are always in fear of passing for what they are not. The man of simplicity is never occupied about himself. He seems even to have lost this *self* about which we are so jealous.' In this picture, Fenelon, without designing it, has given a portrait of himself. He was much better than modest, for he never thought of being so. It sufficed to make him beloved, to show himself just what he was; and one might say to him, *Art is not made for thee, thou hast no need of it.*

The following are some of the instances of that humanity, which constituted the great peculiarity of his character.

What was said by a literary man on the occasion of his library being destroyed by an incendiary, has been deservedly admired. 'I should have profited little by my books, if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them.' That of Fenelon, who lost his also by a similar accident, is still more simple and more touching. 'I had much rather they were burnt, said he, than the cottage of a poor family.'

He often took a walk alone in the environs of Cambray; and in his pastoral visits, was accustomed to enter the cottages of the peasants, and to administer relief and consolation, as there was occasion. Old people who had the happiness of seeing him on these occasions, still speak of him with most tender respect. 'There, say they, is the wooden stool, on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us. We shall see him no more!' And the tears flow.

He brought together into his palace the wretched inhabitants of the country, whom the war had driven from their habitations, and took care of them and fed them himself at his own table. Seeing one day that one of these peasants ate nothing, and asking the reason of his abstinence; 'Alas, my Lord,' said the peasant, 'in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family. The enemy will drive her away with them, and I shall never find another so good.' Fenelon, availing himself of his safe conduct, immediately set out, accompanied by a single servant, found the cow, and drove it back himself to the peasant. I pity the man who thinks this affecting anecdote not sufficiently dignified to deserve a place in these memoirs. He is certainly not worthy to hear it.

One of the curates of his diocese complained to him, that he was unable to put a stop to dances on the feast days. 'Mr. Curate,' said Fenelon to him, 'let us abstain from amusement ourselves, but let us permit these poor people to dance. Why prevent them from forgetting for a moment their poverty and their wretchedness?' The simplicity of Fenelon's character obtained for him a triumph, on one occasion, which must have been most flattering to his feelings and pleasant to his recollection. His enemies (for to the reproach of human nature, *Fenelon* had his enemies) were mean enough to practice the abominable cunning of placing about him an ecclesiastic of high birth, whom he considered only as his grand vicar, but who was to act as a spy upon him. This man, who had consented to undertake so base an office, had however the magnanimity to punish himself for it. After having long witnessed the purity and gentleness of spirit, which he had taken upon him to blacken, he threw himself at the feet of Fenelon, and with tears, confessed the unworthy part he had been led to act, and withdrew from the world to conceal in retirement his grief and his shame.

This excellent prelate, so indulgent to others, required no indulgence to be exercised to himself. Not only was he willing to be treated with severity; he was even grateful for it. Father Seraphin, a capuchin missionary, of more zeal than eloquence, preached at Versailles before Louis XIV. The abbe Fenelon, at that time the king's chaplain, being present at the sermon, fell asleep. Father Seraphin perceived it, and suddenly stopping in the midst of his discourse, 'wake that Abbe,' said he, 'who is asleep, and who seems to be present here only to pay his court to the king.' Fenelon was fond of relating this anecdote. With the truest satisfaction, he praised the preacher,

who was not deterred from exercising such apostolical liberty, and the king, who approved it by his silence. Upon the same occasion he related also, that Louis XIV. was astonished one day to see no one present at the sermon, where he had always found a great concourse of courtiers, and where Fenelon found himself at this time almost alone with the king. His majesty asked the marshal of Luxemburg, his captain of the guard, the reason of it. 'Sire,' replied the marshal, 'I had given out word, that your majesty would not be at the sermon today. I wished you to know for yourself, who came there on God's account, and who only on yours.'

So tender, and so delicate, if I may be allowed the expression, was Fenelon's love of virtue, that he considered nothing as innocent, which could wound it in its slightest touches. He censured Moliere for having represented it in *The Misanthrope*, with an austerity that exposed it to odium and ridicule. The criticism might not be just, but the motive which dictated it, was honourable to his candour. It is indeed the more praiseworthy, that it cannot be liable to the suspicion of interestedness; for the gentle and indulgent virtue of Fenelon was far from bearing any resemblance to the savage and inflexible virtue of *The Misanthrope*. On the contrary, Fenelon relished highly *The Hypocrite*; for the more he loved sincere and genuine virtue, the more he detested the mask of it, which he complained of meeting with so often at Versailles; and the more he commended those, who endeavoured to tear it off. He did not, like Baillet, make it a crime in Moliere, to have 'usurped the right of the ministers of the Lord, to reprove hypocrites.' Fenelon was persuaded, that those, who complained of his encroaching upon their right, which after all, is only the right of every good man, are commonly but little in haste to make use of it themselves, and are even afraid to have others exercise it for them. He dared to blame Bourdeloue, whose talents and virtues he otherwise respected, for having attacked, with insipid declamation, in one of his sermons, that excellent comedy, where the contrast between true and false piety is painted in colours, so well calculated to make us respect the one and detest the other. 'Bourdeloue,' said he, with his usual candour, 'is not a hypocrite, but his enemies will say, that he is a jesuit.'

During the war of 1701, a young prince of the allied army passed some time at Cambray. Fenelon gave him instructions, which he listened to with great veneration and sensibility. Above all things he recommended to him never to oblige his subjects to change their religion. 'No human power,' said he, 'has any right over the liberty of the heart. Violence persuades

none; it makes only hypocrites. To give such proselytes to religion, is not to patronize but to enslave it. Encourage, added he, in your states, the progress of light. The more a nation is enlightened, the more it perceives its true interest to consist in yielding obedience to just and wise laws; and every prince, who is worthy of the name, ought to wish himself to reign only by such laws. His happiness, his glory, his power, are inseparably connected with it.

During the same war of 1701, Fenelon, having fallen into disgrace with the king, and being in exile in his diocese, met with far better reception from the generals of the enemy, than from ours. Abandoned and cast off, as one may say, in his own country, he was obliged to regard it, in some sort, as a foreign land. When France, torn in pieces by an eight years' miserable war, was completely ruined by the fatal winter of 1709, Fenelon had grain in his magazines, to the value of a hundred thousand francs. He distributed it to the soldiers, who were often without bread, and refused to receive any pay for it. 'The king, said he, owes me nothing; and in times of calamity, which press heavily upon the people, it is my duty, as a citizen, and as a bishop, to give back to the state, what I have received from it.' It was thus that he avenged himself of his disgrace.

The different writings in philosophy, theology, and belles lettres, which came from the pen of Fenelon, have made his name immortal. The most powerful charm of his writings is that feeling of quiet and tranquillity, with which they delight the reader. It is a friend, who approaches you, and pours his soul into yours. He moderates and suspends, at least for a while, your sorrows and your sufferings. We are ready to forgive human nature so many men, who make us hate it, on account of Fenelon, who makes us love it.

His dialogues upon eloquence, and his letter to the French academy on the same subject, are those of an orator, and a philosopher. Rhetoricians who were neither the one nor the other, attacked, but did not refute him. They had only studied Aristotle, whom they understood but very little, and he had studied nature, which never misleads. In the authors whom he cites as models, those touches which go to the soul, are those upon which he chooses to rest. He then seems, if I may so say, to breathe sweetly his native air, and to find himself in the midst of what is most dear to him.

The best written of his works, if they are not those in which the best reasoning is displayed, are perhaps those upon Quietism, or that disinterested love, which he requires toward the Supreme Being. 'I know not, said a celebrated writer, wheth-

er Fenelon was a heretic in asserting that God deserved to be loved for himself; but I know that Fenelon deserved to be so loved.' He defended his cause in so interesting and engaging a manner, that the intrepid Bossuet, his antagonist, who had been engaged in controversy with the most formidable protestant ministers, confessed that Fenelon had given him more trouble than the Claudes and Basnages. He accordingly said of the archbishop of Cambray, what Philip IV. king of Spain, said of M. de Turenne: 'That man has made me pass many uncomfortable nights.' There were the evidences of it sometimes in the harsh and violent manner in which Bossuet attacked his mild adversary. 'My Lord,' replied the archbishop of Cambray to him, 'why do you offer me abuse for argument? should you have taken my arguments for abuse?'

Although the lovely sensibility of Fenelon is stamped upon all his writings, it is most deeply impressed on all those, which were composed for his pupil. He seems in writing them not to have ceased repeating to himself: 'What I am going to say to this child, will be the occasion of happiness or misery to twenty millions of people.'

He said, that not having been able to procure for the duke of Burgundy the privilege of actually travelling himself, he had made him travel over the world with Mentor and Telemachus. 'If he ever travel, added he, I should wish that it might be without equipage. The less retinue he should have, the more would truth be able to approach him. He would be able to see good and evil, so as to adopt the one and avoid the other, much better abroad than at home: and delivered for a while from the cares and anxieties of being a prince, he would taste the pleasure of being a man.'

Let us not forget a very interesting circumstance, perhaps the most so that occurred in the education of this prince, and which bound him by the strongest tie of affection to his instructor. When Fenelon had committed any fault, even the slightest in the execution of this trust (and other than slight ones he was not liable to commit) he never failed to accuse himself of it to his pupil. What an authority, founded in affection and confidence, must he have acquired over him by this ingenuous frankness! What lessons of virtue, at the same time, did it teach him—the habit of being open and ingenuous, even at the expense of his self-love, indulgence toward the faults of another, readiness to confess his own, the courage even to accuse himself of them, the noble ambition of knowing himself, and the still more noble ambition of self-government! 'If you wish, said a philosopher, to have your son listen to stern un-

bending truth, and to love it, begin by speaking it to him, when it is attended with inconvenience to yourself.'

We are told, which is very consistent with the noble and generous spirit of Louis XIV. that that prince, toward the close of his life, did justice to Fenelon: that he even kept up a correspondence with him by letters, and that he expressed his grief, when he heard of his death. Doubtless the misfortunes which he experienced in the last years of his life, had served to moderate his ideas of glory and conquest, and had rendered him more disposed to listen to the truth. Fenelon had foreseen those misfortunes. There is yet in being an original letter of his in manuscript addressed to Louis XIV. or intended for him, in which he forewarned him of the dreadful reverses, which soon humbled and desolated his old age. This letter is written with the eloquence and boldness of a minister of God, who pleads before his king the cause of the people. The gentle spirit of Fenelon seems there to have assumed all the vigour of Bossuet, to speak to his sovereign the boldest truths. It is not known whether this letter was ever read by the monarch. But how well did it deserve to be read by him! to be read and meditated upon by every king! It was a short time after writing this letter, that Fenelon was raised to the archbishopric of Cambray. If Louis XIV. had seen the letter, and thus rewarded its author, it was perhaps the moment of his life in which of all others he was the greatest. But we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that his dissatisfaction with *Telemachus* leads us to doubt of this instance of magnanimity, which it would have been so gratifying to celebrate.

The enemies of the archbishop have insinuated most falsely, that he took side in the controversy against Jansenism only because the cardinal de Noailles had declared himself against Quietism.

The Jansenists added, that he wished to make his court to father Le Tellier, their enemy. But his noble and ingenuous soul was incapable of such a motive. The sweetness of his character alone, and the idea which he had formed to himself of the goodness of God, made him very little disposed to favour the doctrine of Quinel which he called *merciless*, and considered as *leading to despair*. In order to combat it, he held consultation with his heart. 'God, said he, is to *them* only a terrible being; to me he is a being good and just. I cannot resolve to make a tyrant of him, who having bound us in fetters, commands us to walk, and punishes us if we do not.' But in proscribing principles, which seemed to him too harsh, and the consequences of which were disavowed by those, who were

accused of maintaining them, he could not permit them to be persecuted. 'Let us be to them,' said he, 'what they are not willing that God should be to mankind, full of compassion and indulgence.' He was told, that the Jansenists were his declared enemies, and that they left nothing undone to bring his doctrine and his person into discredit. 'That is one farther reason,' said he, 'for me to suffer and to forgive them.'

A brief of the pope having been issued March 13, 1699, by which the book of *Maxims of the Saints* was condemned, Fenelon submitted to the censure without restriction and without reserve. He published the mandate against his own work, and announced himself from the pulpit his own condemnation. In order to give to his diocese a monument of his repentance, he caused for the exposition of the consecrated host, a sun to be represented as borne by two angels, treading under their feet several heretical books, upon one of which was the title of his own.

Pope Innocent XII. who held Fenelon in the highest estimation, was less offended with the book of *Maxims of the Saints*, than with the violence of some of the prelates who condemned it. He wrote to them, 'Fenelon's crime is excess of the love of God; yours, on the other hand, is the want of the love of mankind.'

A poet, in order to show how dangerous these disputes are to religion, composed the following verses.

In those famous disputes, where two prelates of France
In search of the truth to the combat advance,
Hope seems by the one to be quite unregarded,
Fair Charity seems by the other discarded,
While without thought of either, Faith falls by each lance.

During the controversy between Fenelon and Bossuet respecting the book of *Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints*, Madame de Grignon, daughter of Madame de Sévigné, said one day to Bossuet, 'Is it true then, that the archbishop of Cambray is a man of so great genius?' 'Ah Madam, said Bossuet, he has enough to make one tremble.'

The question was discussed before the queen of Poland, wife of Stanislaus, which of the two champions, Bossuet or Fenelon, had rendered the greatest services to religion. 'The one,' said that princess, 'has proved its truth, the other has made it to be loved.'

The wishes of Fenelon, like his writings, were moderate, and toward the close of his life, he composed to an air of Lulli those verses, which M. de Voltaire affirms were in possession of

the marquis of Fenelon, his nephew, afterwards ambassador at the Hague.

Jeune, J'étois trop sage,
Et voulois trop savoir :
Je ne veux en partage
Que badinage,
Je touche au dernier age
Sans rien prévoir.

This anecdote would be of little importance, but for the proof it furnishes to what degree we see in a different light, in the calmness of age, what seemed to us so great and so interesting at that period of life, when the mind is the sport of its desires and its illusions.

The death of Fenelon was deeply lamented by all the inhabitants of the low countries. So well had he balanced his worldly affairs, that he died without money, and without a debt. The following portrait of this celebrated prelate is given by the duke of de St. Simon in his memoirs. 'He was a tall, lean well made man, with a large nose, eyes whence fire and sense flowed in a torrent, a physiognomy resembling none, which I have elsewhere seen, and which could not be forgotten after it had been once beheld. It required an effort to cease to look at him. His manners corresponded to his countenance and person. They were marked with that ease, which makes others easy, and with that taste and air of good company, which is only acquired by frequenting the great world. He possessed a natural eloquence, a ready, clear and agreeable elocution, and a power of making himself understood upon the most perplexed and abstract subjects. With all this, he never chose to appear wiser or wittier than those with whom he conversed, but descended to every one's level with a manner so free and enchanting, that it was scarcely possible to quit him. It was this rare talent which kept his friends so closely attached to him, notwithstanding his fall; and which, during their dispersion, assembled them to talk of him, to regret him, to long for his return, and to unite themselves to him more closely and more firmly.'

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

THE PLACE OF PIETY AMONGST THE VIRTUES.

How extremely defective are the characters of those persons who, whatever they may be in other respects, live in the neglect of God. Nothing indeed can be more melancholy, than to see so many of mankind capable of maintaining a good opinion of themselves, though they know themselves habitually regardless of devotion and piety, inattentive to the Author of all good, and little under the power of his fear or love. Can any one seriously think, that a misbehaviour of this kind is not as truly inconsistent with goodness of temper and sound virtue, and in the same manner destructive of the foundations of hope and bliss as any other misbehaviour? Do neglect and ingratitude, when men are the objects of them, argue *great* evil of temper, but *none*, when the Governor of the world is their object? Why should *impiety* be less criminal than dishonesty? The former of these, it is true, is not generally looked upon with the same aversion and disgust as the latter, nor does it cause an equal forfeiture of credit and reputation in the world. This may be owing partly to the more immediate and pernicious influence of the latter on our own interest, and on that of others; but it is perhaps chiefly to be accounted for from a more strong instinctive aversion, wrought into our frame against the latter. 'Tis obvious, this was necessary to preserve the peace and happiness of society. But when we consider these vices in themselves, and as they appear to the eye of cool and unbiassed reason, we cannot think that there is less absolute evil in irreligion than in injustice.

Every man, as far as he discharges private and social duties, is to be loved and valued, nor can any thing be said that ought in reason to discourage him. Whatever good any person does, or whatever degree of real virtue he possesses, he is sure in some way or other to be better for; though it should not be such as to avail to his happiness at last, or save him from just condemnation, yet it will at least render him so much the less guilty and unhappy. But in truth, as long as men continue void of religion and piety, there is great reason to apprehend they are destitute of the genuine principle of virtue, and possess but little true worth and goodness. Their good behaviour in other instances may probably flow more from the influence of instinct and natu-

ral temper, or from the love of distinction, than from a sincere regard to what is reasonable and fit *as such*. Were this the principle, that chiefly influenced them, they would have an equal regard to *all* duty; they could not be easy in the omission of any thing, they know to be right, and especially in the habitual neglect of Him, with whom they have infinitely more to do, than with all the world. He, that forgets God and his government, presence and laws, wants the main support, and the living root of inward genuine virtue, as well as the most fruitful source of tranquillity and joy: nor can he with due exactness, care, and faithfulness be supposed capable of performing his duties to himself or others. He that is without the proper affections to the author of his being, or who does not study to cultivate them by those acts and exercises, which are the natural and necessary expressions of them, should indeed be ashamed to make any pretensions to integrity and goodness of character. 'The knowledge and love of Deity,' says Dr. Hutchinson, 'the universal mind, is as natural a perfection to such a being as man, as any accomplishment to which we arrive by cultivating our natural dispositions; nor is that mind come to the proper state and vigour of its kind, where religion is not the main exercise and delight.'—*Price on Morals*.

[The following hymns were communicated by the author of the *Hymn for a Birthday* in our last number, and are formed upon the principles recommended in the *Christian Disciple* for July and August, of this year.]

A HYMN FOR THE TUNE CHINA.

A PARAPHRASE OF ROM. XIII. 12.

1. Ye that indulge in slumber still,
Rouse and exert each dormant power;
Hear and obey his sovereign will,
Who is your life from hour to hour.
2. Lo! the deep shades of night dissolve;
High in the east the morning beams;
He, at whose word the heavens revolve,
Bids you awake from idle dreams.

3. Turn to the light a grateful eye,
Open to ev'ry kindling ray ;
O, may the truth illumine your sky,
Till the last shade have past away.
4. Children of God, and heirs of light,
Born for a high, a glorious end,
Hate and avoid the deeds of night,
Nor for the world your God offend.
5. Chaste and devout be every thought,
Kind and sincere your every word ;
O be your lives without a blot,
Sacred to Christ, your heavenly Lord.
6. Thus, when the sun shall fade away,
And the fair heavens shall cease to be,
You shall enjoy a brighter day,
Glowing to all eternity.

W.

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

FUNERAL THOUGHT, OR ROCHESTER.

1. Swift, as the visions of the night,
Fly at the rising day,
Time, ever hastening in his course,
Silently steals away.
2. Seasons, like moments, disappear,
Year after year is fled ;
All things in nature by their doom,
Hasten to join the dead.
3. Where are my profits for the year,
Lately to mortals given ?
Much have I laboured for the earth,
Little, alas ! for heaven.
4. Great are the errors we indulge,
While we approach our end ;
Often repenting of the past,
Seldom our lives we mend.
5. Pardon our follies and our sins,
Thou, whom all serve above ;

Make us to labour in thy work,
Prompted by heavenly love.

6. Though we are cumberers of thy ground,
Spare us another year;
Grant us the blessings we may need;
Save us from every fear.

7. Thus may we render thee the praise,
Due for thy favours past;
Thus may the sentence of thy bar
Crown us with joy at last.

W.

REVIEW.

ARTICLE XIX.

Charles Ashton; the Boy that would be a Soldier. Boston: N. S. and J. Simpkins. 1823.

THIS little book completely answers its purpose. The object of the author is to contribute something towards the dissemination of true and Christian views on the subject of *War*. To do this, he employs the most effectual means, and employs them well. A single plain, natural, unvarnished story, like those in this book, placing in a true light the character of the persons that make up armies, and describing faithfully their vicious and miserable mode of life, will evidently do more towards producing in the minds of children a correct idea of the profession of a soldier and the nature of war, than the most eloquent and logical essay that could be written. In addressing children and common men on a subject like this, the appeal must be made to the imagination. Misery on a great scale affects only a philosopher. The sufferings of an individual interest us, even though he be a stranger. Troy falls, and is numbered with the hundred cities that have fallen before: while the death of Priam, the weak and injured old man, the helpless avenger of his murdered son, the unprotected survivor of his children—of Priam struck down at the altar—excites our indignation and abhorrence. Cæsar

modestly relates the story of his wars, and we exult in his bravery and victories, and the glory of his native city, though that glory is purchased by the death of four hundred thousand wretched barbarians, and the captivity and servitude of myriads more. But the figure, though in marble, of a dying gladiator, his thoughts on his 'hut by the Danube,' his 'young barbarians at play,' 'their Dacian mother' left desolate, awaken sympathy in the most unfeeling heart.

It is individual pictures like these, that the writer of this book holds up to us. They are prominent and often horrible, but not unnatural nor overcoloured. The effect produced is single and very powerful. There is no idle declamation, nor tedious reasoning, nothing to shock the feelings of a boy strongly prepossessed in favour of a soldier's life, nothing indeed which such a boy would not willingly read.

The love of military glory, of danger and war—is the legitimate growth of the fearless enthusiasm which is natural to high minded children and men. It is foolish to ridicule it, and worse than foolish, for it is the germ of whatever is greatest and noblest in the best character. It is idle to endeavour to intimidate it by tales of pain and difficulties and death. These but add to its strength, they are what it lives upon. To depise pain and difficulty and death is glorious, and that is a bad education which does not strengthen the feeling. We have need enough of it in the formation of the Christian character, to induce us to cherish it in all its strength. But the lesson to be taught is, that the pure glory which the young aspirant sighs for, is not to be found in camps—that it is there debased by meanness and brutality, heartless cruelty and real cowardice—that the high spirit of patriotism dwells not with such companions; that Tell and Washington were not bred in the tented field, and are only found there, when they have left the fireside of domestic affections and unobtrusive virtue to deliver their countrymen from oppression.

Such is the lesson which the author endeavors, and that very successfully, to convey.

We shall give a few extracts, with only enough of the story, to render them intelligible. They will show that the book not only impresses an excellent lesson, but is uncommonly well written.

Charles Ashton, the son of a worthy clergyman in England, is a bright, forward boy, full of courage and ardour, who knew he should be allowed to choose his own profession, and had set his heart upon being a general, from having his imagination dazzled with the danger, magnificence, and glory of war.

But youth and inexperience prevented him from being aware

that there was yet another side to this gorgeous picture. He did not know that the noble qualities of his heroes, even the most faultless, were often stained by cruelty, oppression and tyranny. That they were, like other men, capable of the mean passions of avarice, envy, and revenge. He did not know that the glittering ranks of war were formed of a mass of hirelings, whom servitude and the severities of discipline had degraded to the rank of machines, who took no pride in the cause for which they fought, or were even ignorant that there was one. He did not reflect, that although a battle was a stirring and interesting theme of contemplation as a scene of activity, bustle, and grandeur, yet that it was, on the other hand, a horrid and degrading spectacle when the attention is directed to its victims, the subjects of inhuman and wanton butchery, maimed, wounded or dashed in pieces by every discharge of the artillery, trampled under foot at every charge of horse, and transfixed with the bayonet by the remorseless hands of fellow men.—pp. 12, 13.

His father endeavours very gently to change his feelings in relation to a soldier's life. Charles yields so far only as to resolve that he will be a good soldier—such as Washington was. One day, after he had formed this resolution, a miserably ragged and maimed *old soldier* hobbles by his father's door, and solicits his charity. Charles has him fed; and gives him money; but this only furnishes him with the means of intoxication, and before the fit is over, he steals from Mr. Ashton. He is however detected and brought before Mr. Ashton who releases him after he has told his story. Jamie's story is a common one—but well told; with occasional touches of eloquence and pathos. He had been prevailed upon to enlist in order to screen himself from punishment, which he supposed he had incurred by wounding a recruiting serjeant. Some of the descriptions in this story are very powerful.

The following scene is described as taking place at the storming of a town.

“Among the rest, a party, of which I was one, attempted to enter a large and rich house, which seemed to promise an abundant booty. We were opposed in a determined manner.

“Every sort of means of defence was resorted to; furniture, stones, tiles, boiling water, and a thousand other articles of every kind were showered upon our heads. Many of our number were killed, or desperately wounded. We became almost frantic with rage, and swore that not a soul should escape with their lives. Foiled in all our attempts to enter, we determined to set fire to the building, and having completely surrounded it, it was lighted in several places, and was soon in a blaze. The inhabitants, perceiving their impending destruction, now implored for mercy. The doors were thrown open, and, to our astonishment, we perceived that we had been thus worsted by a band of females, headed by an old man.

This sight served only to aggravate our wrath. They were either cut down as they rushed out, or driven back with shouts and curses into the blazing ruins. Their shrieks mingled with the hissing of the fire, and the crackling and tumbling of the beams as they fell one after another. All seemed to have perished; but at last one more female form was seen standing at the entrance of the portico, which was on fire over her head, and stretching out her arms to implore assistance and mercy.

"She is the last one, save her," cried some among us. "Throw her into the fire," cried others; "let her die with the rest of them."

"I was perfectly drunk with liquor and with rage. I heard the vociferated cries, and rushed forward through the crowd, with the intention of executing the last horrible threat of my companions. God disappointed me in my hellish attempt. I had already reached the upper step of the flight that led into the house, and seized her in my arms to hurl her back into the flames, when the pillars began to give way around me, and the timbers from the roof came crashing down about my head. I thought myself lost, and a moment more would have decided my destruction. But still holding my prize in my arms, I made an effort to reach the stairs, which I had ascended, and had just gained them, when a blow from a falling beam laid me prostrate. Fortunately its force sent us rolling down the descent, or we should have been crushed by the ruin which immediately followed. As it was, I was stunned by the fall."—pp. 44-46.

He and the female are rescued from the flames and he is richly rewarded on the supposition that he had exposed his life to save hers.

"In a few years my money was gone, and I was left to shift for myself. The habits of drinking and gambling had got so fast hold of me, that I could not leave them off, and between the two, I soon became a beggar, as you see me. I am now an old man, and have lived these twenty years this wandering, vagabond life. I went once to my native village, but nobody knew me, and I was ashamed that any body should. I found that my father and mother were both dead, my brothers and sisters grown up, married, and established in life. Fanny I saw, a lovely matron, with a family of smiling children about her. And like my brothers, I thought to myself, I might have been, had I not, in an evil hour, become a soldier. She might have been my wife, and her children my children, had it not been for war. I longed to disclose myself to them all, and should have done so, had I been any thing better than I was; but I did not care to be a shame and disgrace to people I loved so well in spite of my wickedness, and so I wandered away never to see them again. I am weary of life, and yet afraid to die. I wish death to have past, but fear to have it come; and yet, come when it may, it will never find me any better—I must die in my sins; they have so fast a hold of

me, that I cannot shake them off—my days have been a toil and weariness—I have had no resting place for the sole of my foot—no certain pillow for my head. I have been sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes in bridewell, sometimes in jail, but no where long. There is only one place where I shall have a long, long home; and my last bed may be in a prison, an almshouse, in a ditch, or on a dunghill; for nobody cares where an old drunken soldier draws his last breath.

“And now I ask your worship, or your reverence, whether all the sin lights on my shoulders? whether I bear all the blame of my evil deeds, or if some may not be laid to their charge, that make wars and gather armies? If kings did not love to fight, men would never become soldiers. And is it not as much a sin for those who stay at home and contrive wars, and plan battles, as for those who fight them? Is it not a sin for one man, who happens to be a king, because he is jealous of another man, who happens to be a king too, to set men together by the ears, like wild beasts more than christians, to murder and destroy? For 'tis, after all, little better than murder, except that there are thousands killed instead of one,—which to my thinking makes the matter worse instead of better.”—pp. 48, 49.

A few days after telling this story, Jamie is found dead one cold morning under a tree.

This made a strong impression on Charles, but he gradually got over it so far as to think he might still be an officer. An officer, he thought, was a different kind of being, and might be good notwithstanding his profession. Still, however, he had not the same confidence in his resolution as before, and Jamie's story often occurred to him.

Some months after this, Mr. Ashton carries Charles to visit colonel Gordon, a good man and brave officer, who had gained great reputation in the service, but at the expense of his health and constitution. He tells Charles his story, with such reflexions as the different events suggested.

The following is after he has been in a single skirmish.

“The skirmish was over before any reinforcement arrived, and thus I shared the principal honour of the success, and made my debut with credit. I was, of course, elevated by this good fortune, and anticipated with confidence more brilliant achievements. But still I could not reflect upon the affair except with feelings of almost unmingled horror and detestation. To look at it with the eye of calm, unprejudiced reason; to look at it by the light of Christian morality; and what did it amount to? Why, to little better than a piece of downright butchery. Here had been a couple of hundred men, who had never seen each other before, had no cause of animosity or hatred, no ground for enmity, fight-

ing together as fiercely as if they had received from one another the most deadly injuries; killing, maiming, and mutilating, as if the objects, against whom all this fury was directed, had not borne God's image stamped on their features, had not been fellow creatures, but ferocious and cruel beasts, whom to slay and destroy would be a deed of merit. And for what? A cause, of which but few of us understood the merits—scarce any felt *sure* that they were fighting on the right side.”—pp. 76, 77.

The next is the description of a battle.

‘The battle began by a heavy cannonading from a distance. This was a great trial of the courage, because there was nothing to be done, but to stand still and bear it as well as we could, till every thing was ready for our advance. Very few of us were killed, but the death of a very few in this situation, is felt more than that of a great many in the heat of action.

“I did not suffer much for myself. My pride kept me up, and the necessity of setting an example to my men. But the agony of terror which many of them underwent cut me to the soul. The veterans cared very little; but the raw soldiers showed by the quivering lip, the pale cheek, the wet eye, and the tottering knee, that it was an almost intolerable trial to them. A ball might often be seen coming towards a particular spot. Then there was a struggling, a pushing to get off the line in which it came. Some, who distinguished it plainly, saved themselves; whilst others, who did not, rushed directly into its path, and were knocked in pieces. Perhaps, while they had gathered themselves into a crowd to get rid of one, another came whizzing along from a different quarter into the midst of them, and tore half a dozen, limb from limb. Sometimes one would strike into the ground at our feet and, cover us with dust and blood. We all longed for the signal to rush onward, that we might get out of this intolerable state of apathy and suspense—worse than the most fierce and bloody encounter.

“At length the battle commenced; but we were still left as a reserve, to be employed in case of necessity, as occasion might direct, and were therefore only suffered to be anxious and doubtful spectators of the contest. The troops marched up in regular, well ordered lines, and delivered their volleys as if they had been firing on a field day. But soon they became covered in one dense, impenetrable mass of smoke, only lightened up occasionally by the flash and explosion of the artillery, which shrouded the whole array of both armies. From beneath that canopy issued the irregular rattling of the musketry, the roaring of the cannon, the shouts and groans of men, the braying of the trumpets. Now and then a passing breeze would dissipate in part the sulphureous cloud, and we could see the waving of a few torn and disfigured standards, the glance of the fire arms, the helmets of the cavalry, and the plumes of the officers as they dashed to and fro along the ranks.

“Presently horses without their riders, their housings stained with blood, their reins under their feet, some disfigured by hideous wounds, came galloping, snorting with terror, to the rear. Then followed many of the wounded; some creeping, as best they could, by themselves, others borne upon horses; all pale and bloody, and uttering groans, or, more frequently, curses, which excited either my pity or horror. Some cried out that the day was lost; others, that victory was ensured; all, that the combat was deadly.

“In looking on thus, a mere spectator of the conflict, I could scarcely realise that they were in truth men, who were thus ferociously contending together.”—80-83.

“It was not long after this, that we were ordered by our general to storm a hill in possession of the enemy, which overlooked their camp. It was executed with valour, but at an expense of more than a thousand men. When in our possession, he discovered that the position was not so commanding as had been expected; that another hill in its neighbourhood offered far greater advantages, and could be more successfully occupied for the purpose of annoying the enemy. In short, that he had been mistaken in his survey of the ground, and that the other hill should have been attacked instead of this.

“The second hill was immediately stormed, and carried after a desperate resistance, in which our loss and that of the enemy amounted to many more than on the first attempt. A few days afterwards, it was found that the advantages to be derived from the posts were not sufficient to compensate for the expense of maintaining them. They were therefore precipitately abandoned.

“I dined in company with our general not long after this occurrence. One of his officers lamented the loss of men, which had thus been unnecessarily sustained. The general replied with a careless laugh. ‘That this was of less consequence than it appeared to be; because,’ added he, ‘we are soon going into winter quarters. We can spare them very well, for we shall have abundance of fresh recruits in the spring, and may thus make a saving to government of their winter’s keeping.’”—pp. 84, 85.

The narrative of Bonaparte’s campaign in Russia, in which colonel Gordon is a volunteer on the side of the Russians, is not only true in the impression which it makes, but in its facts, which are taken with little alteration from the most authentic accounts.

The following is part of the description of the field of action, after the battle of Borodino.

“The interior of the ravines presented the most horrid spectacle. Here those of the wounded, who were able to crawl, had collected themselves during the night to avoid the agonies produced by a sharp and piercing wind. This, however, served but partial-

ly to alleviate their miseries. The raw and cold air penetrated even into these recesses, and inflicted upon the mangled limbs and lacerated wounds of the unfortunate sufferers, the most cruel distress. Some of these, parched by the dreadful thirst which gunshot wounds always create, had crawled to the margin of a little brook, in order to quench it; but its waters resembled a river of blood, and they were forced to turn away unsatisfied, or else to drink the blood of their fellow beings.

“These wretches lay in heaps upon the bare and rugged sides of the ravine, crawling one over another, in order, if possible, to assuage, by the vital warmth of others, the keen anguish of their wounds. But nothing could alleviate their terrible agonies. They filled the air with piercing cries, and uttered the most heart-rending groans. In the extremity of their misery, they longed, they begged for death; and besought us with the most touching entreaties to release them by shooting them through the head.”—89, 90.

“Fifty-three days after the dreadful battle of Borodino, I crossed over the field on which it had been fought, in pursuit of the flying French. Of thirty thousand men who had been killed on that bloody day, the bodies of almost all lay still unburied. They hardly retained the human form. Acres were completely covered with their torn and mutilated remains. Some had been half devoured by dogs and birds of prey; some were falling apart from the progress of decay; whilst others seemed yet to retain whatever of their original figure their wounds had left them.”—pp. 92, 93.

We have room for only one short extract more, in which some of the imaginations of ‘Darkness’ are realized.

“The route of the pursuing troops was covered with the stragglers of the enemy, so reduced by hunger and cold as scarcely to retain the human form. They seemed to have lost all the attributes of their species. Some were deprived of their hearing or their speech; many were reduced to a state of frantic stupidity, in which they roasted the dead bodies of their comrades for food, and even gnawed their own hands and arms. Some were so weak, that, unable to lift a piece of wood or roll a stone to the fires they had kindled, they sat down on the dead bodies of their companions, and with haggard countenances gazed steadfastly upon the burning coals, or turned their ghastly eyes and fixed them immoveably on the no less ghastly faces of their fellow-soldiers, who sat around them. No sooner had their fire become extinguished, than, unable to rise in search of fresh fuel, they became benumbed by the cold, and sank beside the dead carcasses on which they sate.

“Many were entirely deprived of reason. They were absolutely insane; and, urged by their sufferings, plunged their frozen feet into the midst of the fire, in order to warm them. Some, still more delirious, threw themselves with a convulsive laugh into the

flames, and perished in horrible agony, uttering the most piercing cries; while others, excited by their example, and urged by the most irremediable despair, followed them, and experienced the same fate."—pp. 104, 105.

Our readers may judge from our copious extracts, of the spirit in which this little book is written. It is dedicated, very properly, to the venerable Noah Worcester. All who appreciate the importance of his efforts in this cause,* and desire to see a truly religious feeling prevail on this subject, will cordially unite with us in recommending what cannot but enforce the common cause of humanity.

We cannot conclude without expressing a wish, that a pen which is so successful in giving one part of the scene presented by war, might be employed in describing another, which would have, we think, on generous minds, a still stronger effect. This is the heart-breaking and despair of those who remain at home—who are made widows and orphans—are bereft of children or still dearer friends.

ARTICLE XX.

The Treatise on Religious Affections by the late Rev. Jonathan Edwards, A. M. somewhat abridged by the removal of the principal tautologies of the Original; and by an attempt to render the language throughout more perspicuous and energetic. To which is now added, a copious Index of Subjects. 16mo. pp. 316. Boston. 1821.

THE form and style in which this work is here presented to the public, will, we doubt not, be gratifying to most of its admirers; and they are numerous. Next to his book on the Freedom of the Will, this Treatise on the Affections may be considered as the work on which President Edwards' reputation, as an acute metaphysician and ingenious writer, princi-

* We cannot omit this opportunity of recommending to the Christian public, and especially to instructors of youth, Dr. Worcester's late publication for the use of schools, entitled *The Friend of Youth*. It has been sent abroad with such respectable and powerful recommendations, as to render it unnecessary for us to do more than call the attention of our readers to it, by the simple statement of its design. It is intended to aid the cause of philanthropy and peace, by cherishing in the susceptible minds of children the principles and feelings of christian benevolence. It consists of a great variety of extracts in verse and prose, calculated at once to form the judgment and to affect the heart. The general adoption of such a book in our schools, must be attended with the happiest influences on the rising generation.

pally depends. There are some, indeed, who think the last mentioned work decidedly the best; and so should we, did we compare them together with respect to their truth or utility. But considered merely as an effort of misdirected ingenuity, we think that the work on the Will is not only to be placed before this on the Affections, but also before every other composition which we recollect to have read.

President Edwards was led to give to the world this Treatise on the Religious Affections, by a desire to prevent, if possible the errors and excesses to which he saw that the doctrines and practices of his party were fast tending. 'And here I cannot but observe,' he says, 'that there are certain doctrines often preached to the people, which need to be delivered with more caution and explanation than they frequently are; for as they are by many understood, they tend greatly to establish the delusion and false confidence of hypocrisy. The doctrines I speak of are those of 'Christians living by faith, not by sight; their giving glory to God, by trusting him in the dark; living upon Christ, and not upon experiences; not making their good frames the foundation of their faith:' which are excellent and important doctrines indeed, rightly understood, but corrupt and destructive as many understand them.* And in another place, he says; 'I appeal to all those ministers in this land, who have had much occasion of dealing with souls in the late extraordinary season, whether there have not been many who do not prove well, that have given a fair account of their experiences, and have seemed to be converted according to rule.†' 'If persons did but appear to be indeed very much moved and raised, so as to be full of religious talk, and express themselves with great warmth and earnestness, and to be *filled*, or to be *very full*, as the phrases were; it was too much the manner, without further examination, to conclude such persons were full of the Spirit of God, and had eminent experience of his gracious influences.‡' Such appear to have been the feelings and views with which this work was composed; in which the author endeavours to point out what *are* and what are *not* 'distinguishing signs of truly gracious and holy affections.' His main object, it will be perceived, is to lay down certain rules, by which, what he considers real and genuine religious experiences, may be distinguished from such as are counterfeit or delusive. This is certainly an important

* Edwards' Works, Vol. iv. pp. 101, 102. For obvious reasons we quote these passages from the original of the work before us.

† Edwards' Works, Vol. iv. pp. 84, 85.

‡ Ibid, p. 40.

subject, and, making allowances for the principles on which the writer proceeds, it is here treated with great ability. The work is, however, directed chiefly against the errors and mistakes of Calvinists, or rather against those errors and mistakes which Calvinists themselves admit to be perversions of their system to which it is liable; and is therefore chiefly valuable as a book for Calvinists to read, especially in seasons of great religious excitement. To them, therefore, we cordially recommend it, believing that, if they will but observe the directions and cautions which this book contains, their doctrines will do them the least possible harm. We do not mean by this, that the work contains no doctrinal errors, for it contains many. We only say, that if in the face of reason and scripture, a man *will be* a Calvinist, he had better study this book in order to make himself a good Calvinist, and avoid the mischiefs to which his doctrines expose him.

As the subject of the religious affections has never before come directly under our review, we shall take this occasion to go a little more fully and generally into a discussion of its leading principles. We are the more disposed to do this, because we think that sufficient attention has not yet been paid by christians to the formation of the religious character, as it is influenced and regulated by the known laws of the human mind. Every one knows how much better these laws are now understood, than they were, when some of our most popular systems of divinity were first framed. The consequence is, as might be expected, that many changes in the mind (including those occasioned by religious faith and the religious affections) which are referred in those systems to extraordinary impulses, demoniacal influences, or the supernatural agency of God, are now found to follow in the common and natural series of its phenomena. This is a fact, which no one, acquainted with the great improvements which have been made in mental philosophy during the last century—with the new and profound analysis of the mental faculties and operations by such men as Hartley and Brown, will think of questioning. And yet it is from this fact, more, perhaps, than from any other source, that we derive encouragement to believe in the gradual and final extirpation of all the most dangerous errors in religion; those, we mean, which have respect to the formation of the religious character. We remember there was a time when all the most striking phenomena in the physical world, such, for example, as thunder and lightning, many of the diseases, and many chymical results, were attributed to the direct and special interposition of the Deity, or to the agency of spirits good or bad; just

as some of the most striking phenomena of the moral world are now accounted for, in some of our popular systems of divinity. And we entertain not a shadow of doubt, but that the same cause which has already so effectually exposed and exploded the former error, will eventually expose and explode the latter; namely, a more thorough and general acquaintance with the laws by which the phenomena in question are produced. As the mind and its operations become better understood, the advocates of these systems will be obliged to renounce them; or, what is the same thing, and what indeed they have already done to a considerable extent, they will be obliged to put new constructions and new explanations upon the language of these systems, until nothing but the language will remain to save their consciences, or, peradventure, their places.

By the *affections*, we mean in general, those feelings and emotions excited in us by the perception or contemplation of what is, from any cause, agreeable or disagreeable to us.* And where the exciting causes are of a religious nature, we denominate the feelings and emotions, thereby excited, *religious affections*.

From the very definition, therefore, it appears that our religious affections are distinguished from our other affections, only by their exciting causes. Even in the work before us it is not pretended that they are 'new faculties,' (p. 116,) but only the same faculties differently affected. Moreover, when we speak of the religious affections as distinguished by their exciting causes, we do not mean that the qualities, which really excite those affections, are different from those by which many of

* We are aware that the affections have been very differently defined by different writers. According to Dr. Reid they have *persons* only and not things for their object; 'principles of action in man, which have persons for their immediate object, and imply, in their very nature, our being well or ill affected to some *person*, or, at least, to some animated being.' *Works*, Vol. iv. p. 87. On the other hand, Dr. Brown makes them to include all the phenomena of the mind, as well those of perception and the reasoning powers, as the emotions; using the word *affection* 'as the simplest term for expressing a mere change of state induced, in relation to the affecting cause, or the circumstances, whatever they may have been, by which the change was immediately preceded.' *Lectures*, Vol. i. p. 255. We think, however, that the restricted sense given to this term by the former writer, and the more extended sense given to it by the latter, are both alike arbitrary; and neither of them by any means so accordant as the one given above to common usage, the best authority in such cases. Besides, in the definition which we have given of the affections, we agree more nearly with our author; who speaks of them as 'that faculty by which it [the soul] views things, not as an indifferent, unaffected spectator, but either as liking or disliking; approving or disapproving.' p. 15. With respect to the analysis and classification and nomenclature of the affections, we have met with nothing so satisfactory, on the whole, as Cogan's Philosophical Treatise on the Passions, and the chapters treating on this subject in Dr. Carpenter's Principles of Education.

our other affections are excited; but only that they affect us in a different connexion. Our religious, like all our other affections, are ultimately to be referred to our moral constitution; a moral constitution so formed by its Divine Author, that certain qualities, wherever we find them or think we find them, make the subjects to which they belong or are supposed to belong, interesting and affecting to us, either directly or by association.* Whether the being, to whom these qualities belong or are supposed to belong, be human or divine, it is the same thing with respect to the affections which they will excite towards that being. If we love an earthly parent for the relation he sustains to us and the qualities we suppose him to possess; we must also love our Heavenly Parent, if we sup-

* Much may be said in support of the Hartleian theory, which would account for all the affections by the sole agency of the 'associative power.' A writer, who can at least claim the credit of stating the doctrines of the Hartleian school with great openness and distinctness, thus describes the process of their formation. 'Successive impressions, pleasing or painful, are made upon the mind by the objects of the affection: the *coalescence* of these impressions constitutes the affection of love or hatred, according to the predominance either of pleasing or painful ideas: the affection thus formed is modified by the circumstances of probable or improbable, past, present, future, and the like; and is associated with the sensation of the object, with the name, and with a variety of accidental circumstances.' *Belsham's Elements*, p. 208. According to this theory, it would seem that all our affections are alike factitious and acquired; our love of our parents as much so as our love of money: and that they are acquired in the first instance, (i. e. our first and simplest affections, which are the early rudiments of all our other affections however refined or spiritual, are acquired) by associating the sensation of an object with the object itself, so that whenever the object is again presented to the mind, either in reality or in idea, the sensation will be so far suggested and revived as to produce in us, mechanically or by a fixed law of our nature, a feeling of desire or aversion, according as pleasure or pain predominates in the sensation. It is, however, perfectly consistent with this theory that, after we have thus acquired an affection for any one object, the same affection may be transferred to any other object or objects, possessing or supposed to possess the same or similar characteristic qualities. And it is well observed by Dr. Carpenter as 'an extremely important circumstance respecting the transference of the affections (by which, here and elsewhere, we wish to be understood to mean, not the removal of them from the original object, but the association of them with one which did not before possess them) that it may take place through the medium of the intellect alone, as well as by external impressions; by the exercise of the memory, the understanding, or the imagination, as well as by actual sensation.' *Principles of Education*, p. 216. In this way it is thought that our affections are modified and compounded and multiplied; in this way all our general desires or affections are acquired; and in this way our affections are refined and spiritualized, sometimes so far that scarcely a trace or vestige of their mechanical origin remains. For a further explanation of this ingenious theory see the works already cited in this note, and also Hartley's *Observations on Man*. Propp. xiv. and lxxxix. 'It is of the utmost consequence to morality and religion,' says Hartley, 'that the affections and passions should be analyzed into their simple compounding parts, by reversing the steps of the associations which concur to form them. For thus we may learn how to cherish and improve good ones, check and root out such as are mischievous and immoral, and how to suit our manner of life in some tolerable measure to our intellectual and religious wants.' *Observations on Man*, Vol. i. p. 81.

pose him to sustain the same or a similar relation to us, and to possess the same or similar qualities. We are happy to be able in this instance, to borrow the language and authority of Bishop Butler, a writer deservedly held in the highest estimation by all: 'A being,' says he, 'who hath these attributes, who stands in this relation, and is thus sensibly present to the mind, must necessarily be the object of these affections. There is as real a correspondence between them, as between the lowest appetite of sense and its objects. That this being is not a creature, but the Almighty God; that he is of *infinite* power and wisdom and goodness, does not render him less an object of reverence and love, than he would be if he had those attributes only in a limited degree.' And a little farther on he says: 'Religion does not demand new affections, but only claims the direction of those you already have, those affections you daily feel; though unhappily confined to objects, not altogether unsuitable, but altogether unequal to them.'*

If this great man was right, it follows that there is nothing *supernatural* in our religious affections, any more than in our social affections. If we know a man to possess certain qualities, the perception or contemplation of these qualities will excite in us corresponding affections, and we cannot but love him. In the same way, if we know or believe God to possess the same or similar qualities, they will, by the same law of our nature, excite in us the same or similar affections, and we cannot but love him. In all this there is neither mystery nor miracle.

But it may be inquired, how we can, on the principles stated above, account for the fact that sinners *hate* God, at the same time that they know and acknowledge his perfections. Supposing this fact to be admitted without any qualification, we might account for it by saying, that the moral sense of a sinner may become so corrupted and perverted by his sins, that moral qualities will cease to have their natural and proper effects upon him in exciting corresponding affections and emotions. Just as a man's taste in literature and the fine arts may become so corrupted and perverted, as to prefer what is affected and grotesque to what is really beautiful. But we do not infer from this, that there is no such thing as a natural taste or preference for beauty; but only that it may be and often is corrupted and perverted. And so likewise, if sinners hate God, the only inference which the fact will warrant is, that the religious affections may be corrupted and perverted; not that they do not belong to our nature. Or if we admitted the fact that sinners hate

* Butler's Sermon upon the Love of God. Works, Vol. ii. pp. 290, 292.

God, we might say that they do not hate him *because* of his perfections, though they may know and acknowledge them. A criminal, in common parlance, may be said to hate his judge, believing him to be a righteous judge; and he may even be said to hate him the more for believing this. Yet in this case it is not the righteous qualities of the judge, in themselves considered, that he hates; nor yet does he hate the judge himself merely because he possesses these qualities; but he hates him because of the office and relation, which he (the judge possessing these qualities) sustains to him *as a criminal*. Were it not for his own bad qualities, even though his moral perceptions and judgments were to remain the same, he would not hate such a judge. Plainly, therefore, it is *his own* bad qualities, and not the good qualities of the judge, that are the occasion of his hate. The judge, it is true, is the object of this hate; not however because of his own good qualities, but because of the bad qualities of the criminal hating him. Thus it is that sinners may be said to hate God, notwithstanding their knowledge of his perfections. It is not that they hate these perfections; neither do they hate him merely because he possesses these perfections: but they hate him because of the office and relation, which he sustains towards them *as sinners*; because, possessing those perfections, he cannot but condemn and punish *them*. We see therefore, even if we were to admit the fact that sinners hate God, we should find no difficulty in reconciling it with the principles before laid down.

But upon analysing the feelings and affections of sinners towards God, we shall find that they do not in fact HATE him, in the strict and philosophical sense of that word. We are aware, that the term is often used in scripture to express the state of a sinner with respect to the Deity; but every one knows, that the language of scripture is not philosophical, but popular; so that although it is certainly true, that sinners hate God in the sense intended in scripture, it by no means follows, that they hate him in a strict and philosophical sense. The only way of ascertaining whether sinners really do or do not hate God, is to compare the feelings which they now have towards him, believing him to be what he is, with those which they would have towards him, if they believed him to be a malignant and detestable Fiend—they still bearing the same relation to him, and having the same to expect from him. Every day's observation teaches us, that a child may be so far from hating his parents, that he may really and sincerely love them, and yet be continually opposing their wishes and disobeying their commands; nay, without hating them at all, in any proper sense of

that word, he may even wish them out of the way, that he may be rid of restraint, or come into possession of their property. Surely then there is nothing in the conduct or dispositions of the sinner, that will warrant the inference, that he absolutely hates God; and therefore the existence of such hatred is not proved. There may be those, perhaps, who do not believe in a God, and they may act as if they hated him; but, of course, they cannot properly be said to hate a being, whom they do not believe to exist. So, too, there may be those whose views of the Deity are so false and degrading, that they cannot but look with displacency on the being they worship; but in this case, it will be observed, that it is not God himself whom they hate, but an imaginary being whom they worship instead of God. We think therefore that we may assert without fear of contradiction, that it is not in human nature to hate INFINITE PURITY.*

* As some may be curious to know how this subject is treated by Calvinists, we would refer them to a remarkable sermon of President Edwards, intitled 'Men naturally God's Enemies.' *Works*, Vol vii. p. 159. We shall insert a few extracts from this discourse. It will be observed, that the preacher is speaking of men in general—of all men who have not been *converted*, in the calvinistic sense of that word. 'They hear,' says he, 'God is an infinitely holy, pure and righteous Being, and they do not like him upon this account; they have no relish of *such kind* of qualifications; they take no delight in contemplating them.' 'There is in every natural man a seed of malice against God: Yea there is such a seed of this rooted in the heart of man naturally.' 'The heart is like a viper hissing and spitting poison at God.' 'They have no love to God; their enmity, is mere enmity without any mixture of love. A natural man is wholly destitute of any principle of love to God, and never had the least exercise of this love.' 'All the affections are governed by enmity against God; there is not one affection, nor one desire, that a natural man has, or that he is ever stirred up to act from, but what contains in it enmity against God. A natural man is as full of enmity against God as any viper, or any venomous beast is full of poison.' 'They have hatred without any love at all. And hence natural men have nothing within them in their own nature to restrain them from any thing that is bad, be it ever so bad.' 'If godly friends and neighbours labour to persuade them to cast away their enmity and become friends to God, they cannot persuade them to it. Though ministers use never so many arguments and entreaties, and set forth the loveliness of God, and tell them of the goodness of God to them, and intreat them never so earnestly to cast off their opposition and enmity, and to be reconciled and become friends, yet they CANNOT overcome it: Still they will be as bad enemies to God as ever.' But enough of this. Really if we had never heard such language before, and if we did not know it to have come from the pen of a great and good man, and if it were not for the piety and good sense to be found at times in connection with it, we should think we had ample reason for suspecting the sanity of the writer's mind. All this may, nevertheless, be very good calvinism, as doubtless it is. But we are very sure it is not good philosophy, nor good religion either; unless indeed we should agree with the celebrated Daniel Hofmann, who held 'that *truth* was divisible into two branches, the one *philosophical* and the other *theological*; and that what was *true* in philosophy, was *false* in theology.' Mosheim, Vol. iv. p. 293. It was in an evil hour to themselves that the calvinists raised against us the cry of '*misrepresentation*,' as it has provoked us to publish some representations of calvinism from calvinists themselves. For though we do not possess any great partiality for that system, yet we never could have given to it

It ought here, however, to be observed, that in the preceding remarks we have spoken of sinners as if they were *mere* sinners, which is the most unfavourable view of the subject that can be taken for our principles; nor is it a fair view; for in fact no such persons exist. Sinners, like all other persons, possess a mixed character, sinful only in part, though it may be for the most part; influenced prevailingly by bad principles, but sometimes also by good. As, indeed, we shall have occasion presently to show, that a man may possess the religious affections in a very high degree, and yet be chargeable with many serious and material defects in his moral and religious character.

Still, if it be true, as we maintain, that the religious affections differ not from our other affections in the manner of their excitement, it may be asked, why the former do not exist more generally in the minds of men, and why, even in the best men, they do not exist more in proportion to the magnitude and importance of the objects exciting them. This inquiry, we think, may be answered without much difficulty, and without supposing in man an inborn or natural aversion to religion. We do not maintain, it will be remembered, that objects affect us according to the qualities which they *really* possess, but only *as* we understand those qualities, and *so far* as we comprehend them and realize them. Consequently, though it is certain that many religious objects are from their very nature of infinite importance, still as our finite capacities can but partially comprehend what is infinite; those objects can of course affect us but partially. This holds true even of the wisest and best men; but the principle applies with ten-fold force in the case of those, whose conceptions of God and religion have been darkened and distorted by a bad education, bad associations, false systems of theology, or a voluntary and criminal negligence. Besides, when we say that the religious affections belong to our nature, we do not mean that they are the *only* affections which belong to our nature. There are other affections which may and often do operate to counteract and neutralize our religious affections; so that a man may often show a deficiency in the latter, not so much because he loves religion *less*, but because he loves other objects *more*; it may be literature, fame, riches, pleasure. Unfortunately, too, when other objects come in competition with those which religion presents to our affections, there is always reason to apprehend that those of religion, though infinitely more important in themselves, will yet fail of taking such

that excess of horrible shading, which it has sometimes received from the hands of its ablest expounders.

fast hold of the mind, not on account of any thing peculiar in their nature as religious objects, but because of their greater remoteness, and of their being less necessary to present gratification, and likewise on account of their being too refined and spiritual for the gross habits of most minds. There is also reason to fear, that in many persons who profess to believe, and who, in fact, really believe, there is yet a dark and concealed spirit of skepticism, which, though it may never assume a shape sufficiently distinct to be defined or combated, still exists in sufficient strength to exert a very perceptible influence on their religious affections in depressing them and keeping them down. In addition to all this, we are to consider how widely men differ in moral susceptibility; resulting partly from a difference in their natural temperament, and partly from the effect which their peculiar principles, habits, and mode of life have had upon their minds, in making them less sensible to impressions of any kind, or of this particular kind. Of course it will not be expected that in a single paragraph we can give all the causes, that conspire to produce or occasion all the deficiencies and diversities in the religious affections, as they exist among men. Enough has been said to show that all these deficiencies and diversities, may be satisfactorily accounted for, without supposing any thing preternatural in these affections, or that there exists in man an inborn and natural aversion to religion itself. Indeed, to put this subject at rest, take any other class of our affections as they exist among men, say the social, and compare them with the religious affections, and we shall find in the former all the deficiencies and diversities observable in the latter. But we do not hence infer that there is any thing preternatural in our social affections, and that there is in man an inborn and natural aversion to sociality. And yet there are quite as strong reasons for believing with Hobbes, that the natural state of man is a state of war, as there are for believing with some theologians, that it is a state of impiety and atheism.

According to the theory which we are maintaining, it appears that our religious affections are as much under our control and direction, and that it is as much in our power to acquire and cultivate them, as any of our other affections. We do not mean by this, that our original susceptibility to impressions of any kind depends on the will. On the contrary, we believe it to result from our moral constitution, and that the mind *in the beginning* is altogether passive in receiving the impressions made upon it. Neither do we mean, that the changes and modifications subsequently wrought in our moral constitutions are always the work of the individual; for we all know that our pe-

culiar tempers and dispositions are, to a very considerable degree, the necessary result of our education, and our condition in life, and a multitude of circumstances over which the individual himself has but little or no control. Much, however, undeniably depends on the will of the individual, as to the affections excited and cherished in him; and this is true in regard to our religious affections, to the same extent as in regard to any of our other affections. That the prospect of a beautiful landscape should affect us with pleasure; may be owing, not so much to our will, as to our physical constitution, our previous education, a variety of involuntary associations, or to the state of our minds in other respects. But it certainly *does* depend on our will whether we will open or shut our eyes to such a landscape, whether we will give it only a rapid glance or a deliberate survey; and it *has* depended on our will whether we have endeavoured to increase and improve our natural sensibility to the beautiful and grand, or suffered that sensibility to be impaired or destroyed, having it in our power to prevent it. The same is true of our religious affections. It does not depend upon ourselves, that we are created with a susceptibility to religious impressions; and even the degree in which we actually possess this susceptibility may depend, not a little, on our natural temperament, and on the foreign unavoidable influences to which our minds have been subjected. But it certainly *does* depend upon ourselves, whether we will attend to the subject, whether we will consider the claims it has on our affections, whether we will endeavour to divest ourselves of all unreasonable prejudices against it, whether, in fine, we will keep ourselves at the greatest possible distance from all actions, pursuits, and engagements, that may tend to estrange our hearts from religion, or disqualify them for receiving its impressions. It does depend upon us whether we will resort to such means, place ourselves in such situations and connexions, and form in ourselves such habits and dispositions as we believe to be most favourable to the excitement and cultivation of the religious affections. All this depends upon ourselves; and this is all that depends upon ourselves in the excitement and cultivation of any of our other affections.—This is a consideration of great practical importance. One cause of that general deficiency in the religious affections, which we all must deplore, consists in a mistaken idea, early imbibed and widely diffused, that these affections are not to be expected in consequence of any human effort. Why then labour to acquire what is not to be *acquired*, but must be supernaturally *imparted*? Let it be understood that the religious affections are as much within our power and

under our control as our other affections—let it be considered that a man who is capable of feeling on any subject, has only to make the subject Religion, and he is just as capable of feeling on that—let it be realized that the cultivation of the religious affections ought to be made an object of attention and education, as much as the cultivation of knowledge—let parents take half the pains to form their children to a taste for religion, that they do to form them to a taste for literature and the fashionable accomplishments—in fine, let all men accustom themselves to such views of religion as are most rational, attractive and affecting, and let them endeavour to make these views present to their imaginations in all their magnitude and importance, and to connect them with all their thoughts; and then, whatever might be the condition of the world in other respects, we are sure it would not long suffer from any want of the religious affections.

However, it is to be remembered, that a man may be under the influence of strong religious affections, and yet his character in other respects be materially defective. When a man pretends to be interested in religion, and to be deeply affected by it; while his character in other respects is not good, it is usual to say that his pretensions must be hypocritical. But it may be otherwise. In order really to possess the religious affections, all that is necessary, is that our affections should be really excited by religious objects; and this we know may be done, whatever may be our characters in many other important points. Indeed the degree in which we actually possess the religious affections, may depend on our constitutional excitability, quite as much as on our moral principles and habits. Besides, it will not be denied that a man may possess one class of the good affections, without possessing the others in an equal or a sufficient degree; and we see no reason why he may not possess the religious affections exclusively, as well as the social affections exclusively. Daily experience teaches us that a man may be a very good father; so far, we mean, as the parental affections are concerned, and yet be a very bad man in all the other relations of life. Just so and for the same reasons, a man may be a very sincere religionist, so far, we mean, as the religious affections are concerned; and yet in other respects his character may be far from perfect. We readily grant that a man's possessing the religious affections, like his possessing any other class of the good affections, affords a presumption more or less strong according to the circumstances, in favour of the general goodness of his heart; as it shows his heart to be alive to at least some good impressions. It is however but a *pre-*

sumption; it is not a *proof*; and therefore does not affect what we have stated. Ought we not then to be slow to charge insincerity and hypocrisy upon religious enthusiasts? In truth, insincerity is by no means so common a fault among them as it is generally supposed to be; and the error has arisen from not knowing or not reflecting, that a man may be perfectly *sincere* in his religious affections and emotions, and yet at the same time be justly chargeable with very serious defects of character.

Not that we think a man's possessing the religious affections will atone for any social or moral defects or perversities. Indeed the whole subject of atonement for sin seems to us to be often strangely misapprehended. If by atonement for sin be meant, to rescue one from the punishment of sin, it appears to us there can be no real atonement for sin but the extinction of it; for the punishment of sin is involved in its very nature and follows it, or perhaps, we ought rather to say, attends it, not as an arbitrary appointment, but as a necessary consequence. To atone for sin, therefore, you must extirpate it; and this principle applies, not only to sin in general, but to every particular sin in a man's character. It is true a man, along with his vices, may possess many virtues, and among the rest the religious affections; and his virtues, on the whole, may greatly preponderate; and all these virtues will be considered in determining his condition. We only contend that they will not prevent his vices from being *also* considered. If a man have but one single vice in his character, his other qualities, however excellent, cannot of course change the nature of that vice; and we know, it is of the very nature of vice to produce suffering, that is, to be punished. Take for example, the sin of uncharitableness, one of the worst species, because always accompanied with some degree of malignity. It is beyond a question that this vice often belongs to men really under the influence of strong religious affections. But in this case their religious affections will not and cannot atone for their uncharitableness, nor prevent them from suffering from it here and hereafter. We admit that such a man's religious affections must make him a better man, than he would be, if equally uncharitable without them. Still we contend that uncharitableness, however connected, is in itself a sin, and as such and according to its degree, a source of misery. In a man otherwise good, it will take from his goodness and happiness; and in a man otherwise bad, it will add to his depravity and misery; and in this way it is, it must be punished. At the same time it may be proper for us to say, that the religious affections, supposing them to be right in themselves, can in no case make a

man any worse, whatever may be his character in other respects; but on the contrary, so far as they go, they must make him better. They show at least, as it has been hinted before, that his heart is alive to some good impressions. They also are a ground of hope, that his whole character may be improved, as these affections are cultivated and expanded. There is no reason, therefore, as we conceive, for the abusive language sometimes bestowed on religious enthusiasts in speaking of their faults. Faults no doubt they have, and faults they are, but we do not perceive that they are any worse than the same faults in other people. It may be thought, perhaps, that they imply a greater degree of inconsistency. But we rather suppose, that inconsistency is a ground of reproach, only when it results from our possessing a bad quality inconsistent with our good qualities; not when it results from our possessing a good quality inconsistent with our bad qualities.

Much of the confusion and embarrassment existing in the minds of men on this subject, has arisen from their confounding together the religious *affections* and the religious *character*. Certainly a clear and very important distinction may be drawn between them. We may be affectionate children, and yet not be dutiful children; this certainly holds true in respect to our earthly parents, and we see no reason why it should not in respect to our Heavenly Parent. Our religious affections denote the manner in which we are affected by the consideration of religious subjects: our religious characters denote what we *do* or *become* in consequence of being thus affected. The former depend more upon our moral *sensibility*; the latter more upon our moral *energy*; and these qualities are known to exist in very different proportions in different persons. The affections do indeed supply the first rudiments of the character; but to fix the character, these rudiments are to be moulded into general principles and habits; and it is here, we scarcely need add, that most men fail; not for want of feeling, but for want of energy and moral principle. The religious affections and the religious character are not therefore to be confounded together;* neither can

* It is not pretended that the distinction above made is always observed in the *language* of scripture. But when the religious affections are therein identified with the religious character, it is by that very common figure of speech in which a part is put for the whole;—one of the prominent qualities which go to make up the christian character is made to stand for the whole; not however, because that quality may not exist apart, nor yet because, if so existing, it would be alone sufficient for salvation; but because when thus used, it is *understood* to be accompanied in *fact* by all the other qualities essential to the christian character. Thus it is that in repeated instances every thing is made to consist in *knowledge*, John xvii. 3; or in *faith*, Acts xvi. 31; or in *charity*, Galat. v. 14, &c. Here again we have occasion to remark, what was observed before, that the language of scripture

we determine the state of the one with any certainty from the state of the other. To try a man's religious pretensions by the intensity of his feelings on the subject, would be as fallacious a mode of judging, as to try them by the clearness and extent of his information. Men of strong religious feelings are fond of decrying human reason as a deceptive and treacherous principle. But are not the feelings equally deceptive and treacherous? If we had nothing but unassisted reason to depend upon, we confess our dependence would be frail indeed; but frailer still, if we had nothing to depend upon but our feelings. We may be told perhaps, that it is not on our *natural*, but on our *supernatural* feelings, that we must depend. But how do we know them to be supernatural? Because, to be sure, we *feel* them to be so. But why may we not be deceived in *this* feeling, as well as in any other? Remember it is not reason, but the *heart*, that is declared to be DECEITFUL ABOVE ALL THINGS. It is not, then, upon the state of the feelings and affections, as they may seem to ourselves, or as they may appear to others, that judgment is to be pronounced; but upon the state of the character. And this, again, is not to be determined by the quickness and intensity of the feelings and affections, but by the general conduct. The tree is to be known by its fruits—not by its leaves, nor yet by its blossoms.

It is not that we undervalue the importance of the religious affections. We know too well the nature of religion to believe it can really exist in any person without interesting the feelings deeply. We know too well the important place which the affections hold in the moral constitution of man, not to endeavour to enlist them on the side of goodness and truth. We know too well the mighty power which they exert over human actions, not to appeal to them frequently and earnestly. We know too well the nature of that worship which God requires, to believe that he will ever accept the heartless homage of a formal worshipper. Indeed, if religion is not to interest our feelings, what subject should—what subject can?—revealing to us, as it does, a God infinitely worthy of our highest affections, a Saviour whose whole life was one continued series of affecting incidents, from the manger to the cross—touching us, moreover, as it does, in the most important of interests, the interests of the immortal soul, and connected in our thoughts with all that is bright and pure and animating, with all that is deep and grand and awful? If

was not intended to be philosophical, and it is from not paying sufficient attention to this circumstance, that some of the wildest extravagances and inconsistencies in its interpretation have arisen.

such a religion may not interest our hearts,—then what subject should—what subject can?

Banish the affections from religion, and all its life and energies are gone. We are so constituted, that we enjoy no pursuit, become distinguished in none, unless our feelings and affections go hand in hand with our duty. It is not in the intellect nor in the imagination, but in the affections and passions, that the springs of human action are placed. And unless we appeal to man as possessing these principles, and unless we succeed in moving and affecting them, we might as well harangue a group of statues. What was it that sustained and animated the apostles and martyrs and confessors of our religion in their glorious warfare—but that their hearts were kindled into an enthusiasm, which many waters could not quench, nor floods drown? Go before your Maker without your affections, and what have you to offer but the bended knee and the breath of your mouths? The religious affections open to us an entirely new and distinct source of enjoyment. Men exult in an ear for music, and in an eye for the beauties of nature; but to the devout man there is harmony and beauty in every thing that God has made. Finally, it is only by the exercise and cultivation of the religious affections that we can be qualified for the enjoyment of heaven, for what so proper or so necessary to qualify for this enjoyment, as a sympathy in those pleasures, which peculiarly belong to heaven; which make it heaven, and in which the heaven of heaven consists.

So far therefore as the work before us is calculated to excite and cherish these affections, we cordially approve it. It contains much that is indicative of real piety, a familiar acquaintance with the subject, and an anxious desire to prevent men from building on a false foundation. There is no way in which we can make this appear so well as by a few extracts, taken from the volume without much selection.

‘There are two kinds of hypocrites; the one are deceived by their morality, and external religion; the other are deceived by false discoveries and elevations of mind. The latter often declaim against dependence on good works, and talk much of free grace; but at the same time make a righteousness of their discoveries and experience. These two kinds of professors, Mr. Shepard, in his Exposition of the parable of the ten virgins, distinguishes by the names of *legal*, and *evangelical* hypocrites; and often speaks of the latter as being in a worse state than the former. It is evident that the latter are by far the more confident in their hope; and I have scarcely known an instance of professors of this description being undeceived.’—p. 87.

‘It is with professors of religion, especially with those who become such at a time of great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as it is with blossoms in the spring; there are vast numbers of them on the trees, all of which look fair and promising, but yet very many of them come to nothing. Many of them soon wither and drop off, though for a while, they looked as beautiful, and smelled as sweetly as those that remain; so that we cannot by our senses ascertain, with certainty, those blossoms which have in them the secret virtue, which will afterwards appear in the fruit. We must judge, not by the beautiful colours, and the pleasant smell of the blossom, but by the matured fruit. So young professors may appear very promising; pious persons may think they talk feelingly, may relish their conversation, and imagine that they perceive in it a divine savour; and yet all their profession may prove to be nothing.’—pp. 98, 99.

‘The affections of hypocrites are very often maintained in the same way. They are first much affected by some impression or impulse on their imaginations, which they take to be an immediate suggestion, or testimony from God, with respect to his love to them, and their distinguished privileges; regarding this as a great discovery, they are powerfully worked upon, and hence arise high affections. And when their passions are thus influenced, they feel a persuasion that God is greatly pleased with their affections; and this affects them more, so that they are affected by their affections. And thus their affections are raised higher and higher, until they are filled with self-conceit, and a kind of fierce zeal.’—p. 149.

‘Conversion, if we ought to give any credit to scripture, is a universal change of disposition, a real turning of the soul from sin unto God. A man may be restrained from sin, before he is converted; but, having experienced that gracious change, he is not only restrained from sin, but made to hate it. If, therefore, the high affections of the supposed convert have so declined, that there is now no remarkable alteration in him, and he is in general under the prevailing influence of the same dispositions as before; if he appears as selfish and carnal, as lukewarm and anti-christian as ever; these circumstances afford such powerful evidence against him, that the finest story about experience that could possibly be told, would be regarded by the judicious Christian as possessing no value. For in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision; neither a forward profession, nor a diffident one; neither a fine story about experience, nor a poor one, avails any thing; but only a new creature.’—p. 220.

‘Such persons as these, instead of embracing Christ as the Saviour from their sins, trust him as the Saviour of their sins; instead of fleeing to him as the refuge from their spiritual enemies, they make use of them as a defence of those enemies. They make Christ the minister of sin, and trust in him to preserve them in the quiet enjoyment of their unholy gratifications. Thus they take the place

of the children of God, even his bosom, and fight against him with weapons hid under their skirts.'—p. 236.

These certainly are excellent remarks, and there are many more like these; but they are mingled with much alloy. The book is throughout clothed with the language, and sometimes, though not generally, breathes the spirit of the system, adopted by the writer. One radical error running through and deforming the whole work, consists in his supposing the religious affections to be altogether supernatural; and that the mind of man, when under their operation and influence, is not at the same time under the operation and influence of its own laws. Hence we have—not what we want, rules and directions by which we may endeavour ourselves to acquire and regulate the religious affections—but only certain signs and symptoms by which to determine the state of the heart, considering it as a mere passive recipient of supernatural influences. The work, therefore, aims rather to settle the point of fact, whether a man is or is not converted, than to afford him any light or assistance in bringing his conversion to pass. Besides, we are not to understand that all these supernatural influences are *divine*; many of them, we are told, are diabolical, intended to mislead and betray. Our author's ideas on this subject are so remarkable, that we choose to give them in his own words.

'There are other invisible agents who have influence upon the minds of men, besides the Holy Spirit. We are directed not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they are of God. There are evil spirits, exceedingly busy with men, who often transform themselves into angels of light; and, with great subtlety and power, mimic the operations of the Spirit of God.—Many of the operations of Satan are very distinguishable from the voluntary exercises of our own minds. They are so, in those horrid and blasphemous suggestions by which some persons are dreadfully harassed; and in those unnecessary and unprofitable terrors by which others are exercised. And the influence of Satan may be as evident in false comforts and joys, as in terrors and horrid suggestions. It is not in the power of men to put themselves into such raptures, as the Anabaptists in Germany, and many other raving enthusiasts have exhibited.'—pp. 59, 60.

'As the devil can counterfeit the operations and graces of the Holy Spirit, so he can counterfeit whatever is preparative to the communications of grace. If Satan can counterfeit those operations of the Spirit of God, which are special and sanctifying; much more easily can he imitate those which are common, and of which men, while they are yet his own children, are not unfrequently the subjects.'—p. 74.

'When the Spirit of God is poured out in a more abundant man-

ner, the old serpent, as soon as possible, introduces this false religion, and mingles it with the true. The pernicious consequences of this are not easily imagined, until we behold its baneful effects, and the dreadful desolations produced by it. Ministers should therefore maintain a strict guard against this kind of delusion, especially at a time of great awakening; for many persons, particularly among the common people, are easily seduced by such things as have a show of extraordinary religion.

‘All the delusions of Satan, by which those persons are carried away, who are under the influence of false religion, seem to be formed in the imagination. This is the devil’s grand lurking place, the nest of foul and delusive spirits. It is probable that Satan cannot come at the soul of man, to excite any thoughts, or to produce any effects there, but through the imagination.’—p. 176.

We feel hardly competent to decide as to the correctness of these positions, having never made the subject of demonology much of a study. We think, however, that these speculations have come rather too late in the day. They would have done better for times when we had witches and wizzards; and when to see and even converse with the devil, was one of the commonest occurrences in the world. For some reason or other he has of late years kept himself very much to himself; and probably from this cause some have become so bold, and it may be so foolhardy, as to believe there is no worse devil existing, than is to be found in the passions and affections of men, when perverted and unrestrained; and that to hold up any other can have no good effect, as it can only serve to turn away men’s watchfulness and resistance against this real devil, to direct them against an imaginary one.

There is one more observation which we wish to make, and which has often occurred to us on reading the devotional works of Calvinistic writers. We do not recollect a single suggestion in this book, calculated by its effect on the heart of man to excite or promote real piety, with which we do not fully accord. So true it is, that all piety must be founded on those great principles of religion, in which all christians agree. And whenever we depart from these great principles, it is only to wander in mazes, which have as little to do with the heart of man, as with the simplicity of the gospel.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE LATE REV. DR. OSGOOD.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

DIED at Medford, on the 12th of December, 1822, Rev. DAVID OSGOOD, D. D. in the 49th year of his ministry in that place, and in 76th year of his age. He was born at Andover, October 25th, 1747. He passed through the preparatory course of study under the tuition of Rev. Daniel Emerson, of Hollis, and entered Harvard University in 1767. On leaving college he devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and pursued his theological studies at Cambridge. He was ordained over the church and society in Medford, September 14th, 1774, and God blessed him with a long and happy ministry.

In the death of Dr. Osgood our churches are afflicted, and the cause of religion mourns the loss of a venerable and tried advocate. When one, whose revered form has year after year been seen at the altar of the sanctuary, and who even with the trembling hands of old age has upheld the ark of God, is removed, some of our best and most hallowed feelings receive a painful shock.

Dr. Osgood had for a long time filled a large space in society. He stood forth conspicuously as a man, and as a clergyman, and few could be said to be wholly ignorant of him. He gave a highly gifted mind, in all its energy, to the service of the cause of truth. Men, who were destined by talents or station to guide and adorn society, regarded him with profound respect; all, who knew him, looked upon him with uncommon interest: and in the hearts of those, who came within the sphere of his instructions, who listened to the eloquent accents of his lips, and felt the energy of his character, there is left a cherished image of him not soon to fade away.

Dr. Osgood was a great and good man. The qualities which composed the groundwork of his character, were of that decided and definite cast, which would suffer no one to be indifferent to him. He had scarcely a tame or unmeaning ingredient in his composition, and was wholly a stranger to those evasive, timorous, halfway principles and conduct, which leave a man in a sort of neutral ground, with the liberty of taking such a course, as in the sequel shall appear most successful or convenient. He was distinguished from youth for habits of patient and laborious application and thought. His early life was passed principally in retirement and in devoted attention to the studies of his profession. Being thus secluded in a great degree from the common

influences of promiscuous intercourse, at a period when his habits were in a forming state, he never acquired that artificial exterior of character, which so often passes in the world for more than its worth, and is frequently little better than the whited sepulchres of old. No one, that knew him well, can have failed to remark, as one of the striking traits of his heart and mind, a fearless honesty, an entire freedom from disguise. The character of Nathaniel was his—'an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' Whatever he did or said, you might be sure he thought it his duty to do and say. He might err in judgment; but he followed with firmness the convictions of conscience. The true feelings of most men are concealed, or at least qualified, restrained, and coloured by the fear of appearances, or by a diseased desire of pleasing for the moment. But there was nothing of this in Dr. Osgood. His purposes, views, and thoughts, the springs, which set in motion his character, were generally visible to the world, and sought no concealment or modification. Hence there was a force and directness in his remarks and conduct, which gave him great weight and influence; and one might always feel a perfect security from all apprehension of his acting a part. Yet from a character of this unbending integrity were not excluded the mild and amiable qualities which attract affection. It is true, he had not that habit of temporary accommodation to the various tastes and feelings of those around him, which distinguishes some individuals. But in the minds of all, who enjoyed his acquaintance, there is evidence enough that his heart was the home of many of the kindest dispositions and tenderest feelings of our nature. His conversation was very often enlivened with innocent hilarity and playful cheerfulness; and few men have made their intercourse sought on these accounts more than he. There are certainly many hearts, which will testify that he was kind and good; and among the young, who surely are not easily won except by something besides sternness and severity, there are those, to whom it is a bitter remembrance, that the venerable old man, whose form was connected with their best feelings of attachment, has gone down to the grave, and that the hand, which always welcomed them with friendship and paternal kindness, is crumbling in the dust.

————— 'Beware

All ye who knew him not, how ye decide
Upon a heart with charity replete
And human kindness, though with brow austere
And stern rebuke sometimes he would reprove
The vanities and vices of mankind:
'Twas such the champion of the truth should be,

And such he was. The world hath ample cause
To prize his virtues and to mourn his loss.'

But we are to speak of him in a higher character. His piety was deep and ardent. It never seemed to have grown up after his character was formed, and to have been fastened to it by violent effort, but was interwoven with the whole frame and texture of his soul, and was in truth a part of himself. It was the piety of the lowly publican, subduing, humbling, sanctifying; and it shed a rich and solemn lustre over the evening of his days. One might see it rising, as it were, incidentally and without design, to the surface of his heart, and imparting a most deep and impressive effect to his expressions. He had a fixed aversion to every thing like noisy and ostentatious piety, and could not endure the offensive tone of triumph and exultation, with which some Christians speak of their experiences and religious comforts. With him religion was a vast and solemn concern; it was a principle, not a passion. He would not substitute a gaudy painting for a beautiful original,—the trappings and outside ornaments for the essence and felt presence of religion. His piety did not dwell on the countenance nor the tongue, nor did it consist in loud cries and extravagant self-reproaches; but it was the sober, earnest, and prostrating intercourse of the creature with the Creator. It wrought with humbling influence upon a soul of great powers, and presented it, in the spirit of contrition and the feeling of helplessness, to the throne of grace. He had always a humble trust, but no proud assurance. He looked to his God and his Saviour with that well grounded hope, which is as 'an anchor to the soul sure and stedfast;' and no one could witness the operation of religion in him, without feeling deeply that it has a real power, equally remote from the cold indifference of the speculative Christian, and the fanaticism of the enthusiast. He never wished to bring to any human test the attainments of others in piety and holiness; but if he saw the evidences of their having imbibed the spirit of the Saviour, and having formed their lives according to the Gospel, he was satisfied without the application of the arbitrary standards invented by men. He was willing to leave his fellow-Christians,—where he left himself,—to the mercy of God through the Saviour.

His religious opinions were those, which are usually denominated moderately orthodox. He was, however, unwilling to bind himself to any human formulary of faith, and his views with regard to some points of belief were doubtless modified and changed, as he advanced in life. He valued and cherished the doctrines which he believed, and enforced them with power and energy. But to his praise it should be remembered, that he did

not multiply essentials, nor make all his own doctrines fundamental doctrines. No part of his religious character was more striking, than his freedom from every thing that wore the semblance of bigotry, his love of free inquiry, and his magnanimous and christian charity for those who differed from him. He certainly was not indifferent as to the great points of controversy in agitation at the present day; but he had none of that littleness of soul, which makes difference of opinion an insuperable boundary-line of kindness and regard. He was in the best sense of the words, catholic and liberal. In one of his sermons published but a few years before his death, it is admirably said,—‘Each of us ought to think and judge for himself, using the reason, which God has given us, in searching and studying his revealed will. A mind thus independent, an understanding thus unfettered, and unawed by uninspired names, is honorable to a christian, especially to a minister of Christ. From this unrestricted freedom, variety of opinion may be expected to follow. Principles may be adopted by some, which in the judgment of others may seem to sully the glory of the Gospel. Under the influence of other principles, however, held in common by both parties, their hearts and lives may be conformed to the precepts of Christ. In this case, *there can be no excusable pretence for either party’s excluding the other from christian or ministerial fellowship.* It is certain, the spirit of Christ is not confined to any one sect, party, or denomination of his professed followers. We sometimes see it adorning the lives of those, whose peculiar opinions and modes of worship may seem unfavourable to its growth; and we often, alas! find it wanting, deplorably wanting, where it might be expected to shine with superior strength and lustre. Instead therefore of limiting our charity to persons of our own persuasion, let us learn to extend it to all who bear the image of our heavenly Master, and show their love to him by keeping his commands. By their fruits shall ye know them, not by their doctrines, nor by their professions.’*

It is refreshing, in these times of acrimony and party zeal, when men are shutting each other out from communion and charity, to have from so venerable an authority such noble sentiments. These were the principles, which uniformly governed his own conduct; and more than one occasion is remembered, on which he resisted indignantly the exclusive and unsparing attempts of bigots and partizans. Societies for sectarian purposes under the garb of religion received no favour from him. He carried with him through life an ardent love of religious liberty, and dreaded

* Sermon at the ordination of Rev. C. Francis, Watertown.

every approach to ecclesiastical usurpation, or to whatever might infringe upon the independency of our churches. It is well known, that he manifested this spirit, whenever he was called to act, in cases where the religious rights of christians were concerned. He wished every christian to act on his responsibility to God, and on no other responsibility. There are men, even at the present day, who are absolutely certain that they are right, and that every one else is wrong, and who therefore behave as if they suppose they have a charter from heaven to vilify and put down those, whom they deem hereticks. But never could you trace the faintest resemblance to such a character in Dr. Osgood. He appealed to the Scriptures, and to the Scriptures alone, for the rule of faith and practice, and saw with pain any indication of that spirit, which would make speculative opinions of more importance than practical piety. He never thought zeal for any particular set of doctrines to be the same thing as zeal for religion; nor could he imagine it to be the best way, in which men can prove that they are christians, to deny that name to those, who are so unfortunate as to have a different faith. With large and noble views of the great and solemn objects of the religion of Jesus, he loved not those angry discussions, by which the robe of the church is so often rent, and the ark of God so often shaken; and no one can doubt, it was his predominant sentiment, that, as has been well observed, 'the true unity of Christians does not consist in the unity of opinion in the bond of ignorance, nor unity of practice in the bond of hypocrisy, but in the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.'

As a theologian and preacher, Dr. Osgood must be allowed by all to have stood in the first rank. The studies connected with his sacred office and duties were ever dear to him. He read much, but he thought more. His mind was an instrument, that wrought powerfully on every object presented to it, and all his learning seemed to act but as an excitement to his own powers, and to furnish them with food and employment. He was extensively conversant with ancient authors, and studied thoroughly the original languages of the Bible. He had made himself well acquainted with metaphysical theology, and was particularly fond of the sound, moderate, evangelical writers, like Doddridge, among the English divines. He drew upon his resources with ease for striking illustrations, and was frequently very happy in his quotations. For several years before his death, he had been accustomed to read on the Sabbath, generally as an extra service, a chapter from the Old Testament, accompanied with such comments, explanations, and practical remarks, as the portion might suggest. He began with Genesis, and at the same

of his death had, we believe, reached as far as the book of Proverbs. In this course of observations on Scripture were displayed some of his best talents; and to his people they must have been highly instructive and useful. He could scarcely be said to have any useless or idle learning, any that hung loose upon his mind, or was acquired merely to gratify curiosity or to consume time. He turned his knowledge to the best account, and bound it to his thoughts by strong and permanent associations.

Of Dr. Osgood, as a preacher, it is difficult to speak in terms faithful to his merits. It is necessary to have been familiar with the exhibition of his talents in this part of the christian minister's duty, in order to have a just conception of the power with which he appeared in the pulpit. There he stood forth in the strength of that energetic and hallowed eloquence, with which it is meet, that the living truths of the living God should be borne to immortal beings. Who, that has ever listened to his glowing accents, proclaiming the truths of Jesus with the unborrowed dignity of an apostolic manner, and with the authority which rests upon the hoary head that is a crown of glory,—has not felt his soul awe-struck and subdued, and found himself hanging breathless on the lips of the aged preacher, who seemed already to be standing amidst the awful realities of another world. Time had given to his form the meet and honorable ornaments of old age, but had left his mind untouched in its freshness and vigour,—so that we were at the same time affected by the reverence due to years and wisdom, and warmed by the ardour and energy of younger days. His eloquence was fashioned by no rules and shaped by no model. It was all his own,—the natural overflowing of a soul full of its subject; and whatever faults the rhetorician might discover, it was evident that any attempt at fancied improvement would have ruined its effect. As he grew warm in his subject, his audience grew warm with him, and felt themselves carried on as by the motion of a strong and steady stream. The characteristics of his preaching were boldness and strength, powerful statements, heart searching appeals, elevating descriptions. He had the talent of making his hearers realize a subject in all its dimensions and relations, in all its solemnity and grandeur. His sermons did not stand unconnected with the text, but grew out of it, as it was his opinion a sermon always should, 'like a tree branching from its root, or a plant unfolding and spreading from its seed.' His divisions were usually suggested by the passage, on which the discourse was founded, arranged in a clear and natural order,—and the mind followed him with the consciousness that it was continually making progress in the subject. He

never attempted to impart heat without light ; he never strove to produce that unnatural and disproportionate excitement, under the influence of which the mind continually swings from one extreme to another. He dwelt much on the attributes of the Deity in relation to man, on the character and offices of the Saviour, on the practical duties of the christian, and on the overwhelming realities of a future world. And he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. No fear of man ever sealed his lips, or made them utter less than he thought ought to be spoken. He waged war with sin in all its strong holds, and vice trembled and fainted at his rebuke. He spoke peace to the troubled, and the consolations of the Gospel came from him with a holy and soothing force. He had the power of calling away the heart, for a while at least, from the polluting passions, cares, and anxieties of life, and placing it in a purer and calmer region. When he portrayed the mercy of God in the redemption by Christ, and entreated the sinner to come to the fountain of healing and purifying opened in the Gospel, he poured out his soul with his voice, and seemed to be lifted above the things of earth, and to lift the hearts of those around him above them too. He appeared, in truth, like an ambassador in Christ's stead, beseeching men to be reconciled to God.

‘By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whisper’d peace.’

The prayers of Dr. Osgood were, in a very uncommon degree, solemn and fervent. They had that effect, which devotional exercises should always have,—they left the soul no liberty to wander, but consecrated its attention to the holy office of intercourse with God.

It is not easy to estimate the good influences exerted on the community by a long life thus spent, and by a powerful mind thus employed. We believe Dr. Osgood did much to stay the progress of an uncharitable and exclusive spirit, to strengthen a sense of the value of our religious privileges, and of the respect we owe each other, as disciples of Jesus. He had a weight of character, which made his influence felt in a remarkable degree in society ; and if he erred in the zeal, with which at times he entered into political discussions, it was an error resulting from a strong sense of duty. With regard to the direct effects of his ministry, he had the satisfaction which must belong to a good and faithful servant of Christ. But he set up no fallacious standard of ministerial success ; nor did he count any man a useless labourer in the vineyard, merely because he had not been able to stir up a spiritual commo-

tion among his people, nor to raise that feverish excitement, which too often ends in spiritual pride, and consumes the true foundation of the christian character. No man was more in earnest, than he, in the cause of religion; no man loved better to witness its progress 'pure and undefiled;'—he saw with joy every indication of the power of the Gospel among his people; his delight was to win souls to the Saviour. But he wished for no wild and violent efforts at religion; he sought not to produce agonies and raptures, but to place the hearts of his hearers under the tuition of the spirit of the Gospel, and to impress it upon them, that a good and holy life is the best orthodoxy, and a bad one, the worst heresy. He dwelt upon the consideration, that a good minister at least prevents much evil, and therefore that he should not be wholly discouraged, though in looking around he should see but few palpable and direct effects of his exertions.

In speaking of this distinguished man, we have said nothing of many traits of character, which he possessed in common with other great and good men. His name will long be remembered with honour among the clerical fathers of New England, who have enlightened, adorned, and blessed our churches, by their piety, and primitive dignity, and long and useful labours. We think there was some general resemblance between his character, and that of the late bishop Watson,—the same energy, the same fearlessness, the same superiority to all the littleness of sectarian feeling. Many of his faults and frailties were evidently such, as sprung from the same sources, which gave rise to some of his best and noblest qualities; and such frailties and faults who would wish to remember? His death was a happy one: for it was truly falling asleep in Jesus. It seemed as if Heaven in kindness had permitted him to die just as he would have wished to die. He had a great aversion to that death-bed parade, that going off in triumph, which is sometimes thought important as the proof of sustaining piety and trust. His work was finished, and well finished. He had stood at the post of duty for years, and had grown old in the service of his God. The incumbrances of earth had apparently been falling away from him; and the transition from labour and duty to reward and glory, when it came, was gentle and easy. It is ours to wear the remembrance of him in our hearts, and to profit by it as we ought.—'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.'

INTELLIGENCE.

Massachusetts Peace Society.—The seventh Annual Meeting was held at the Vestry of the Old South Church in Boston, on the twenty-fifth day of December—where the usual business was transacted at a full assembly of the members. An excellent address was delivered in the evening by the Hon. Richard Sullivan. We offer to our readers a few extracts from the Annual Report.

At the expense of this Society and its Auxiliaries there have been distributed in the last year—

Of the Numbers of the Friend of Peace,	6620
Of smaller Tracts	7226
In the same year there have been sold—	
Of the Friend of Peace,	3068
Of other Tracts,	229

In all 17,143

In the gratuitous distributions, besides the many copies which have been circulated in the United States, some have been sent to each of the British provinces in America—some to France, Holland and Russia on the continent of Europe—to Calcutta, Ceylon and Serampore in Asia—to New Holland, Otaheite and the Sandwich islands,—and some to South America. A greater number have been sent to Great Britain than to any other foreign country; but these have chiefly been in exchange for the *Herald of Peace*. Including these, there have been sent to foreign states 771 copies of the *Friend of Peace*, and nearly the same number of other Tracts.

A gentleman by the name of Matthew Simpson, residing at Ballston Spa, in New York, on reading some of the Peace Tracts, became impressed with the importance of their object, and travelled through several counties in that state and a few towns in Vermont, and procured 1950 subscribers for a book to be composed of the *Solemn Review* and seven Numbers of the *Friend of Peace*. He then procured the copies to be printed, and distributed them himself.

In former years, Tracts were sent into all the neighbouring British provinces. The seeds thus sown have taken root, and pleasing fruits have already appeared. In Nova Scotia, we have an active Agent in Walter Bromley Esq. formerly an officer in the British army. Through his exertions, aided by respectable

gentlemen of different denominations, a Society has been organized at Rawdon in that province, as large as ours was at its formation. By a letter from one of its officers, recently received, we are assured that considerable effect has been produced on the minds of many people; that articles have been admitted into newspapers to excite attention to the subject,—and that gentlemen high in office and truly respectable, have approved the Peace Tracts, and the exertions to render war the abhorrence of man.

The progress of the Society in Great Britain for promoting permanent and universal Peace is truly animating. Their Report for 1822 has not been received; but their Fifth Report contains facts worthy of grateful notice. They had then 300 new subscribers and two new Auxiliary Societies. They had printed 219,250 Tracts; and their sales and distributions in the preceding year had amounted to 22,000 copies. Two Tracts and one Report had then been translated into Spanish; and since that time six Tracts have been translated into French. Their subscriptions and donations in one year had amounted to nearly 1800 dollars—a much larger sum than has ever been received in one year by our Society. Yet how small was this sum when compared with what the same subscribers and donors have had to pay annually in support of the military system. There is scarcely any thing which the people of a warring nation eat, or drink, or wear, for which they do not, in one form or another, pay something of “the price of blood!”

With great pleasure the Committee observe that a correspondence has recently been opened with the “Society of Christian Morals” in France, by a letter from Baron Turckheim, one of its Vice Presidents—which letter has been answered. The Society in France has been sanctioned by the government. One of its avowed objects is the promotion of peace. From a Society thus sanctioned, embracing men of high rank, renowned for talents, integrity and benevolence, much good may be expected. A Duke of the kingdom is President of the Society, and several of the Nobility are among its officers and members. A few men near a throne, who are imbued with pacific sentiments, may cause a great change in the policy of a nation, celebrated for its exploits in war.

Since the Seventh Annual Report was formed, intelligence has been received both from Warwick and from Philadelphia. The Branch Society in Warwick, of 31 members, has been organized.

In Philadelphia a long wished for event has occurred. A society, styled the Pennsylvania Peace Society, of about 100

members, has been organized, and their constitution has been published in Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

The meetings of the Society are to be held on the 25th of December and the 4th of July annually. Happy it would be for our country if these two days should be observed for the same benevolent object in every part of the United States.

Donations to the Evangelical Missionary Society.

Female Society in Northborough,	\$10,00
Contribution in Rev. Mr. Clarke's Church, Princeton,	16,00
Rev. James Flint, Salem,	5,00
A Lady in Dedham,	1,00
A member of the Society,	50,00
From Concord,	2,00
Contribution in Federal-Street,	69,37
Dr. Bancroft's Society, Worcester,	48,00
Ladies of the West Church, Boston,	75,75
Contribution at Brookline, on thanksgiving day,	50,86
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	\$328,48

As mistakes have sometimes been made in publishing the donations from Brookline, we give here the subscriptions and contributions for the last five years.

1818,	\$24,00.
1819,	30,28.
1820, Thanksgiving day,	61,55.
1821, do.	55,47.
1822, do.	50,86.
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	\$222,16.

ORDAINED

At Harvard, on Wednesday, Jan. 1st, the Rev. Ira Henry Thomas Blanchard, over the Congregational Society in that place. Rev. Mr. Allen, of Bolton, made the Introductory Prayer; Rev. President Kirkland preached the Sermon; Rev. Mr. Foster, of Littleton, made the Ordaining Prayer; Rev. Mr. Norton, of Weymouth, gave the Charge; Rev. Dr. Thayer, of Lancaster, addressed the Society; Rev. Mr. Osgood, of Sterling, gave the Right Hand of Fellowship; and the Rev. Mr. Damon, of Lunenburg, made the Concluding Prayer.

TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Our distant Subscribers, from whom we hear complaints of the delay of our work in reaching them, are informed that from various causes it is not usually published in Boston, until ten or fifteen days after the date. The present number is issued on the 20th day of January 1823. They will perceive therefore, that they have no greater cause of complaint than those who live in our immediate neighbourhood. We hope the delay may be prevented in future; but as all past attempts to remove the causes have failed, we dare not promise.

